



No. 71

Featuring the **BOY COMMANDOS**



The **BATMAN**

# Detective

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

# COMICS

JAN.  
10¢

**BATMAN  
and  
ROBIN  
versus  
JOKER**

in  
**"A CRIME  
A DAY!"**





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# GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America

## GOVERNMENT HUNTER

By M. M. Atwater



This is a story about the forest service. Doug Mulholland, vacationing out west on a dude ranch, walks to the corral to get a horse. He is about to jump over the fence when a cowboy stops him. The cowboy tells him it is too dangerous and gets a horse for him. The cowboy tells Doug his name is Slim Cavanaugh.

While riding past the mess hall, Doug hears the cowboys call Slim a Government Hunter. Doug is puzzled. Later, on a camping expedition with Slim, he finds out that a Government Hunter is a person who protects cattle from hostile animals. Doug becomes Slim's assistant. They have many exciting experiences.

While camping, Doug tells Slim the real reason why he is out west. His family is being threatened by gangsters and many accidents occur. At the end the gangsters try to capture Doug but are outwitted.

This review of *Government Hunter* was written by Marvin Goldstein, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and was selected as the winner of the \$5.00 award. A check has been sent to Marvin. Other fine reviews were written by:

Robert Rawson, West Orange, N. J.  
Betty Ruth Nathan, Attica, Indiana  
Duane Pollack, Ferndale, Michigan  
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William White, Cleveland, Ohio  
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## SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

WXF RB CQN CRVN OXA NENAH KXH CX LXVN CX  
CQN JRM XO QRB LXDWCAH KH KDHRWP BCJVB  
JWM KXWMB!

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# BATMAN

WITH

# ROBIN

THE BOY WONDER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WHOSE  
SCARLET LIPS GRIN  
ETERNALLY IN A FACE AS  
WHITE AS DEATH? ONLY  
ONE MAN'S... THAT CRIME CLOWN.

**The JOKER!**

BUT NOW THE JOKER FINDS THE  
SITUATION IS REVERSED! FOR IT  
IS THE WORLD THAT NOW LAUGHS  
AT THE JOKER! AND WHEN THE  
GRIM JESTER FINDS THE BATMAN  
RESPONSIBLE, FIREWORKS START!  
HE CANNOT KEEP THE BATMAN  
AWAY WITH A

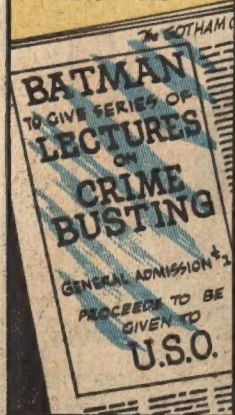
**"CRIME  
A  
DAY!"**



BOB  
KANE



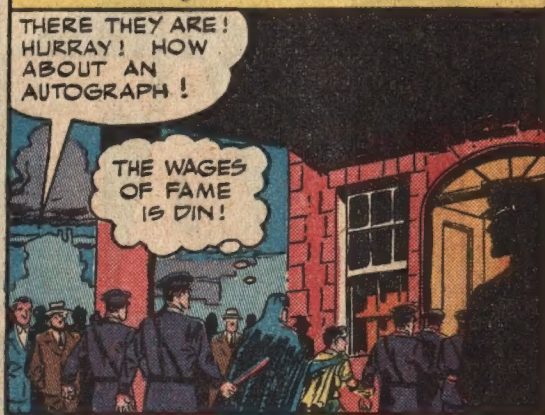
PROUDLY, IN LARGE TYPE, THE SUNDAY GOTHAM GAZETTE ANNOUNCES...



BILLBOARD POSTERS BLAZON THE SENSATIONAL NEWS...



MONDAY NIGHT! A GREAT CROWD GATHERS AND GOES WILD AS THE BATMOBILE DISCHARGES BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!



THE THUNDEROUS OVATION DIES DOWN AS THE THRILLED AUDIENCE PREPARES TO LISTEN TO THE BATMAN'S ADDRESS!

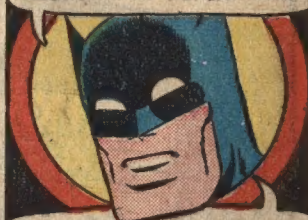


LATER.. AFTER HIS LECTURE, BATMAN INVITES QUESTIONS...

HOW ABOUT THE JOKER? HE LEAVES CLUES TO TRIP HIM UP! WHY?

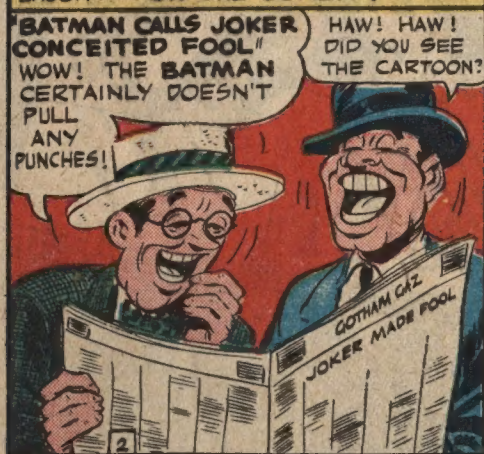


THE JOKER IS TRICKY, CUNNING..A SUPREME EGOTIST ADVERTISING HIS CRIMES LIKE A FOOL...LEAVES CLUES. CLUES THAT DEFEAT HIM!



AND SO I ALWAYS WIN, WHILE HE LOSES.. ALL BECAUSE OF HIS CONCEIT!

NEXT DAY..THE WHOLE TOWN HAS A LAUGH...ON THE JOKER!





ONE MAN DOES NOT SHARE IN THE FUN!...THAT...  
MASTER OF VILLAINY, **THE JOKER**!

ME, THE **JOKER**, THE MOST DANGEROUS  
CRIMINAL IN THE COUNTRY... AND  
I'M MADE A LAUGHING  
STOCK! BAH!

I KNOW  
A WAY  
TO SHUT  
THE  
**BATMAN'S**  
MOUTH  
FOR GOOD!

NO!... SHOOTING  
HIM WOULD  
ONLY MAKE HIM  
MORE OF A  
HERO, A MARTYR!  
NO, I MUST BEAT  
THE **BATMAN** AT  
HIS OWN GAME!

I'M GOING TO MAKE  
**BATMAN** THE FOOL...  
I'M GOING TO SHAME  
HIM... SHAME HIM  
INTO QUITTING! HA!  
HA! HA!

HUH?

THAT NIGHT...TUESDAY...AS **BATMAN** BEGINS  
ANOTHER LECTURE...

FELLOW  
CITIZENS!  
AGAIN I COME  
BEFORE YOU  
TO.....

GOLLY, I WISH I  
HAD THE **BATMAN'S**  
GIFT OF GAB!  
SAY...WHAT'S THAT  
NOISE?

THE SWISHING  
NOISE IS A  
BACKDROP LOW-  
ERED TO REVEAL  
A WHITE CANVAS  
ON WHICH  
MOCKING  
LETTERS  
PROCLAIM..

**JOKER'S DAILY CRIME**  
**WEDNESDAY**  
**CLUES**

1. TAKE A BOW
2. SOW THE SEEDS
3. SHED A TEAR
4. REAP THE HARVEST

STUNNED, INCREDULOUS  
SILENCE! SOMEWHERE,  
MAD LAUGHTER LIFTS  
TO A MACABRE CRESC-  
ENDO! THEN, FROM  
A CUBICLE, A SPOT-  
LIGHT STABS .....

YES, HERE TO  
CHALLENGE THE  
**BATMAN**! SO I'M  
A FOOL, EH... AND  
I ALWAYS LOSE  
BECAUSE I LEAVE  
CLUES, EH?

THE  
**JOKER**!

**JOKER'S DAILY CRIME**  
**WEDNESDAY**  
**CLUES**

1. TAKE A BOW
2. SOW THE SEEDS
3. SHED A TEAR
4. REAP THE HARVEST

VERY WELL!  
HERE ARE CLUES..  
CLUES ENOUGH  
FOR ANY **BRIGHT**  
MAN TO FIGURE OUT! GET  
TO BAT, **BATMAN**...AND  
YOU'LL BE BATTY BEFORE  
I'M THROUGH WITH YOU! HA!



THE PARALYSIS OF SURPRISE LEAVES THE BATMAN! HIS LITHE BODY LAUNCHES INTO ACTION...



LET'S GET THAT LAUGHING HYENA, ROBIN!

I HEAR YOU TALKIN'!

REMEMBER, BATMAN... A CRIME A DAY TO COMPETE WITH YOUR LECTURE A DAY... AND YOU WON'T STOP ME!

BUT AN EMPTY CORRIDOR MOCKS THE DUO!

GONE! THAT WILY FOX MUST HAVE DARTED INTO ONE OF THOSE ROOMS!

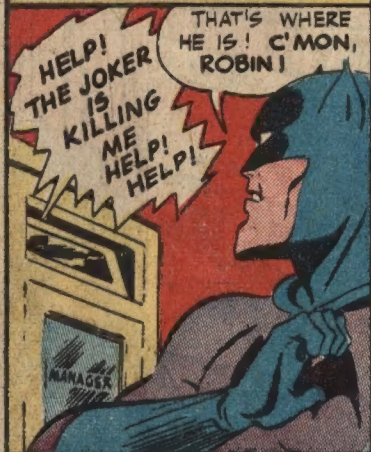
FOX? DON'T YOU MEAN THE ANIMAL WITH A WHITE STRIPE AND A DISTASTEFUL AROMA?



THEN... A SPINE-CHILLING SHRIEK!

THAT'S WHERE HE IS! C'MON, ROBIN!

HELP! THE JOKER IS KILLING ME! HELP! HELP!



A LOCKED DOOR DEFILES THE BATMAN'S RATTLING OF THE KNOBS!

BATMAN, THE HUMAN TANK! CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE INFANTRY!



STAND BACK, ROBIN! I'M GOING TO BATTER IT DOWN!

DON'T... DON'T KILL ME, JOKER! DON'T...

A DOOR-CRASHING LUNGE OF THE BATMAN'S POWERFUL FRAME AND... SURPRISE!!



NO! JOKER DON'T.. DON'T..

CRASH! HUH?

WHY IT'S A RECORD! AND A RECORD FOR A SMART MOVE! THE JOKER HAD A CHANCE TO ESCAPE WHILE OUR ATTENTION WAS DIVERTED HERE!



DON'T, JOKER! NOT THAT!

AND AS IF IN MOCKING REPLY...

HELLO, BATMAN! YOU MUST HAVE BROKEN THE DOOR BY NOW SO LISTEN TO-MORROW I WILL COMMIT THE FIRST OF MY CRIMES! A CLUE AND A CHALLENGE!

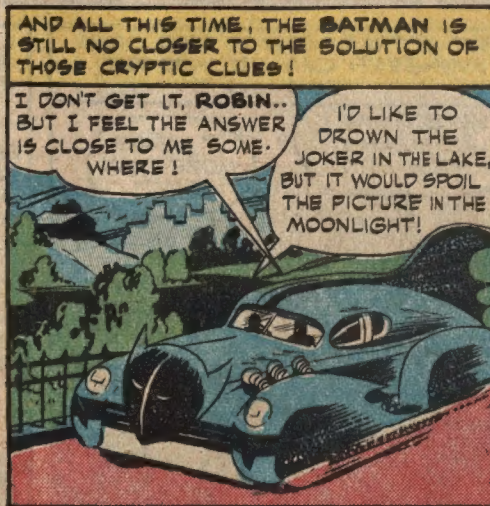
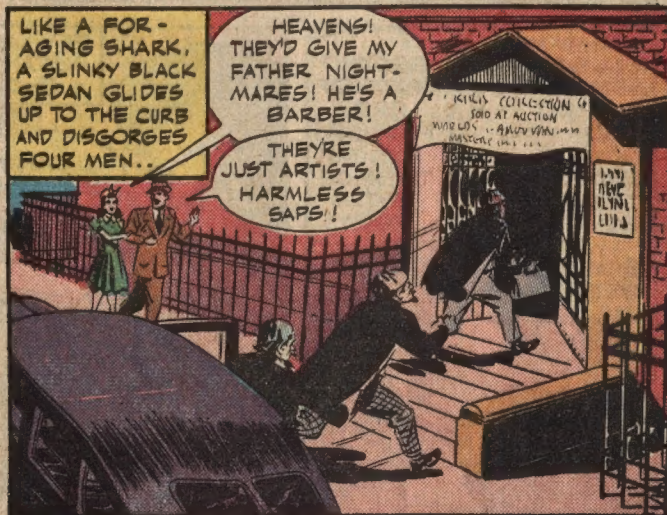
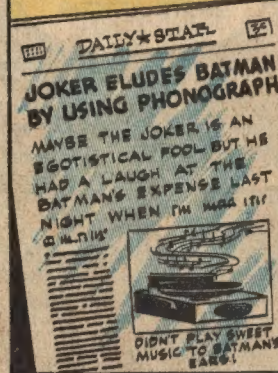




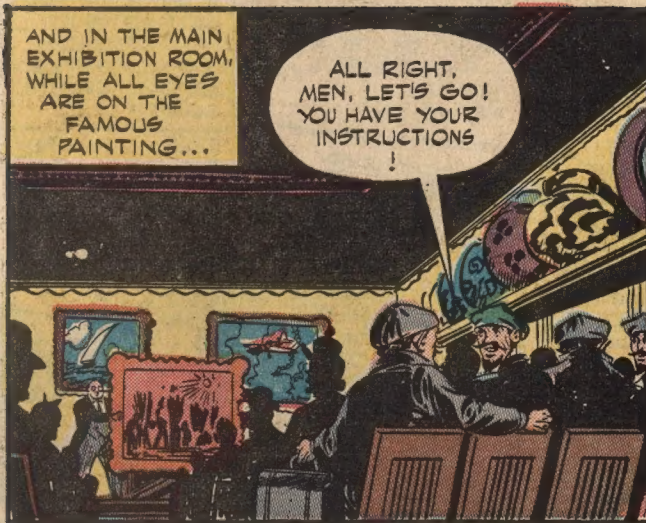


BATMAN EXPLAINS TO POLICE... AND POLICE UNWITTINGLY TO REPORTERS... AND NEXT DAY, WEDNESDAY...

MEANWHILE, THE BATMAN IS STILL FRANTICALLY JUGGLING THE JOKER'S CRYPTIC CLUES!....







AND IN THE MAIN EXHIBITION ROOM, WHILE ALL EYES ARE ON THE FAMOUS PAINTING...

ALL RIGHT, MEN, LET'S GO! YOU HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS!

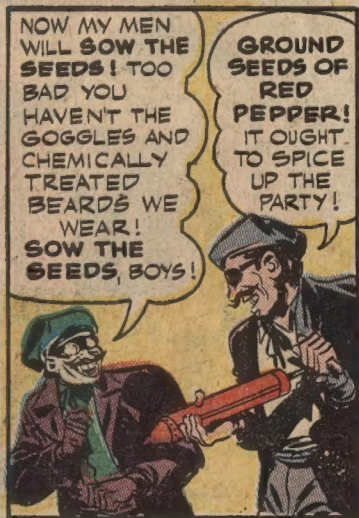


DONNING GOGGLES, THE OMINOUS QUARTET DISPERSES ABOUT THE ROOM....

THE JOKER!

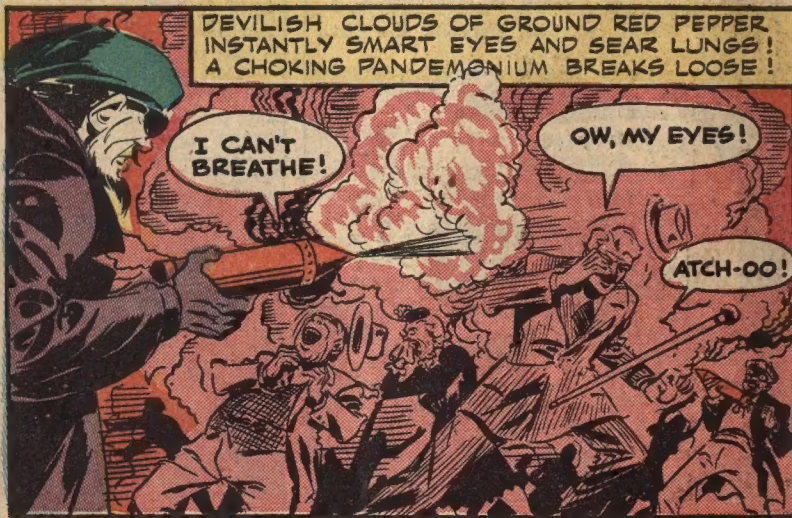
PLEASE INFORM THE BATMAN THAT THE JOKER FIRST TOOK A BOW-SO!

RELAX, FOLKS. WE'RE JUST THE EXTERMINATORS HAW!



NOW MY MEN WILL SOW THE SEEDS! TOO BAD YOU HAVEN'T THE GOGGLES AND CHEMICALLY TREATED BEARDS WE WEAR! SOW THE SEEDS, BOYS!

GROUND SEEDS OF RED PEPPER! IT OUGHT TO SPICE UP THE PARTY!



DEVILISH CLOUDS OF GROUND RED PEPPER INSTANTLY SMART EYES AND SEAR LUNGS! A CHOKING PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE!

I CAN'T BREATHE!

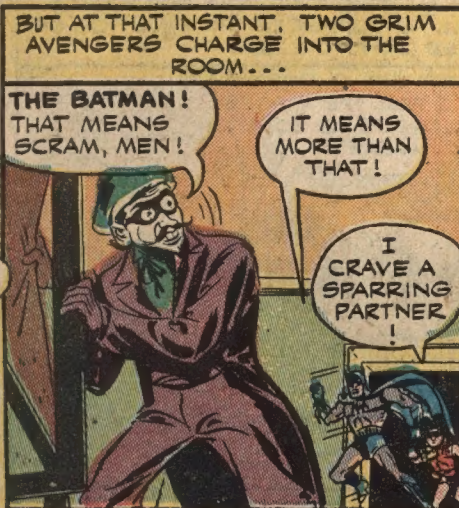
OW, MY EYES!

ATCH-OO!



AND AS THE JOKER'S VOICE SHRILLY LIFTS ITSELF ABOVE THE CRIES AND SCREAMS!

SHED A TEAR, FOLKS.. WHILE I REAP THE HARVEST! WON'T THIS BE A LAUGH ON BATMAN!



BUT AT THAT INSTANT, TWO GRIM AVENGERS CHARGE INTO THE ROOM...

THE BATMAN! THAT MEANS SCRAM, MEN!

IT MEANS MORE THAN THAT!

I CRAVE A SPARRING PARTNER!



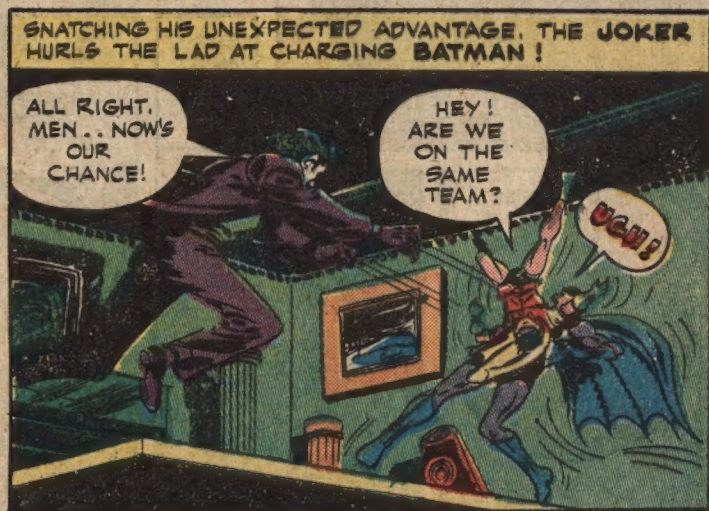
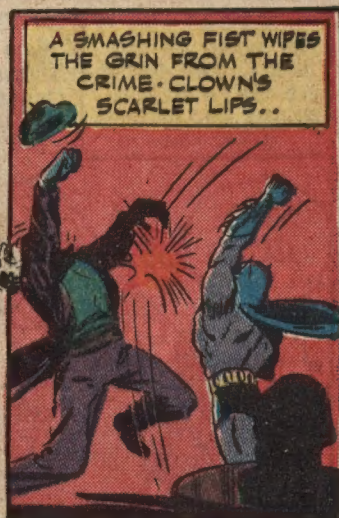
LIKE SCURRYING RATS, THE QUARTET FLEES... BUT RELENTLESS PURSUIT IS BEHIND THEM...

REMEMBER, ROBIN... THE JOKER'S MY MEAT!

AW! YOU HAVE ALL THE FUN!



THREE TIGERISH LEAPS... AND THE BATMAN CATCHES HIS QUARRY!





REGAINING THEIR FEET. THE DUO PURSUES THE JOKER AND HIS CRONIES WHO HAVE NOW DISCARDED THEIR 'ARTIST DISGUISE'.

THERE THEY GO... IN THAT OIL TANK TRUCK!

THEY WON'T GET FAR! QUICK! THE BATMOBILE!

HA! HA! HA!

AS THE BATMOBILE ROARS FORWARD...

GOOD! THEY'RE FOLLOWING US AS WE FIGURED! NOW OPEN UP THE ESCAPE VALVES!

OIL FLOWS... AND IN THE WAKE OF THE TRUCK, THE SPEEDING BATMOBILE SKIDS AND SLIDES CRAZILY!

WOW! THIS IS LIKE RIDING ON GLASS! HOLD ONTO YOUR HAT, KID!

LOOK OUT!

THE RELENTLESS BATMOBILE CLOSES UP THE GAP... AND IS HOSED WITH A TORRENT OF BLACK OIL!

TAKE IT, CHUMP!

TRAPPED IN A FLAMING COFFIN!

THIS THING'S AN OVEN! WE'LL BE HAMBURGERS IF WE DON'T GET OUT!

LIKE A FIERY METEOR, THE BLAZING BATMOBILE FLASHES... TOWARD WHAT??

GET SET, ROBIN! HERE WE GO!

HERE.. HAVE A LIGHT!

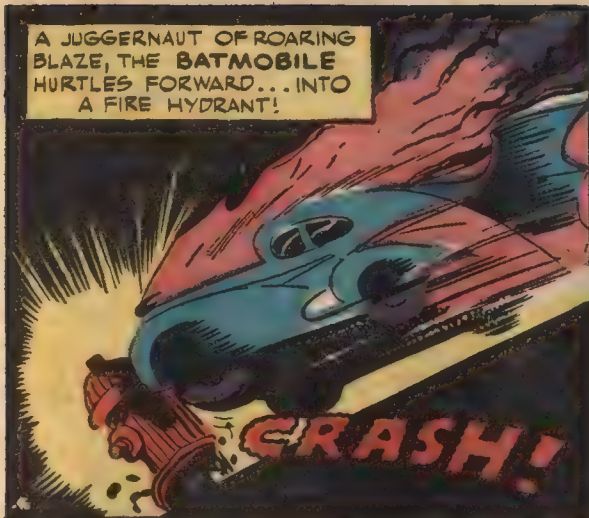
WHOOSH!

WE DAREN'T OPEN UP THE DOORS AND RUN FOR IT! WE'RE TRAPPED!... WE'VE GOT A CHANCE... A LONG CHANCE!

WHAT IS THE BATMAN'S PLAN? CAN YOU GUESS??



A JUGGERNAUT OF ROARING BLAZE, THE BATMOBILE HURTTLES FORWARD... INTO A FIRE HYDRANT!

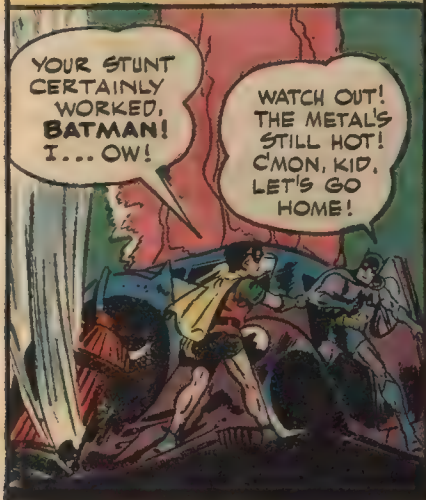


**CRASH!**

A NIAGARA OF WATER BURSTS FROM THE BROKEN HYDRANT... TO SPILL OVER THE FLAMING BATMOBILE!



LONG MINUTES LATER... THE WATER TAKES EFFECT AND SOON ONLY CHARRED, HISSING WRECKAGE IS LEFT OF THE ONCE IMPREGNABLE BATMOBILE!



YOUR STUNT CERTAINLY WORKED, BATMAN! I... OW!

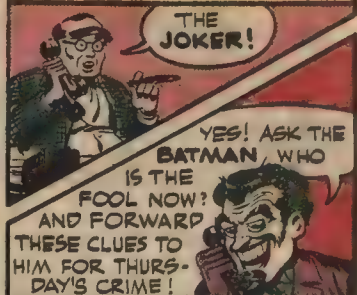
WATCH OUT! THE METAL'S STILL HOT! C'MON, KID, LET'S GO HOME!

AND AS THE DISAPPOINTED DUO FLOD HOMEWARD, A NEWSPAPER REPORTER NOTES...

HMM! GUESS THE PUBLIC WILL HAVE TO HEAR HOW THE JOKER PUT ONE OVER ON THE BATMAN! TOO BAD!

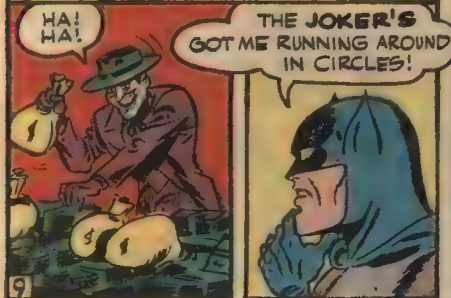


LATER THAT NIGHT, THE EDITOR OF THE GOTHAM GAZETTE GETS A CALL.



YES! ASK THE BATMAN, WHO IS THE FOOL NOW? AND FORWARD THESE CLUES TO HIM FOR THURSDAY'S CRIME!

THURSDAY... AND WHILE THE BATMAN PUZZLES VAINLY OVER CRYPTIC CLUES, THE JOKER AGAIN PULLS A SUCCESSFUL CRIME COUP!



THE JOKER'S GOT ME RUNNING AROUND IN CIRCLES!



AND AGAIN THE EDITOR HEARS THAT MOCKING, JEERING VOICE...

...AND YOU MAY QUOTE ME AS SAYING THE BATMAN IS SLIPPING - BUT DEFINITELY!



THERE! I GUESS I'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE NOW! CALL ME A FOOL, WILL HE? HAH!

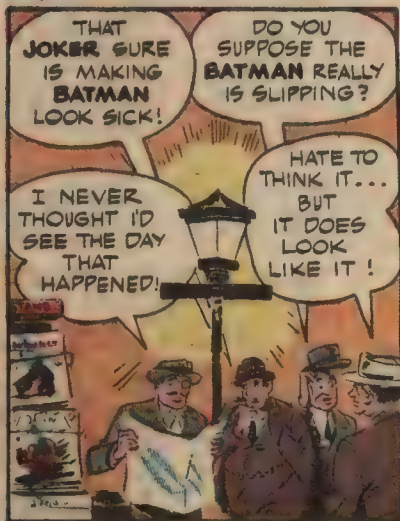
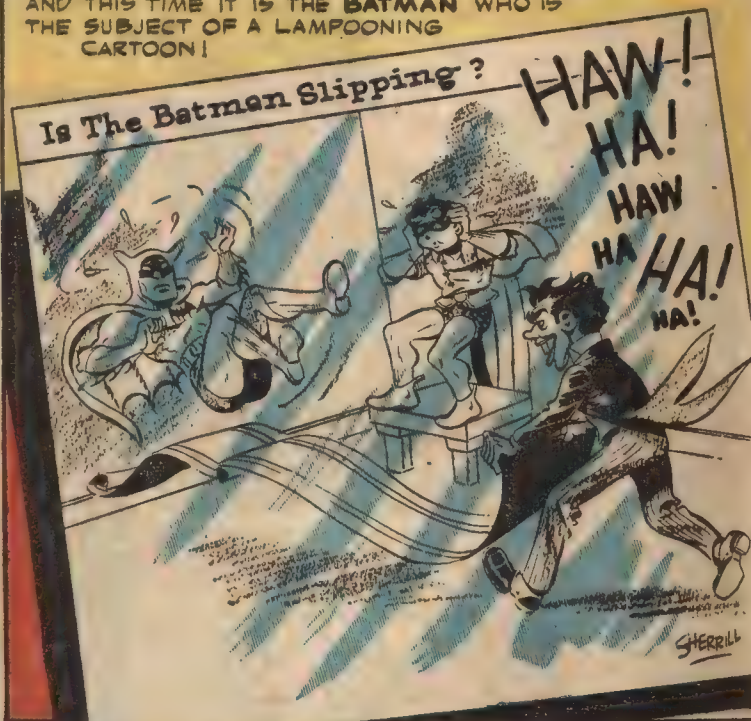




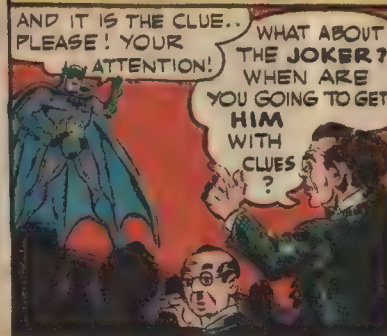
FRIDAY MORNING, GOTHAM CITY IS ROCKED BY NEW HEADLINES...



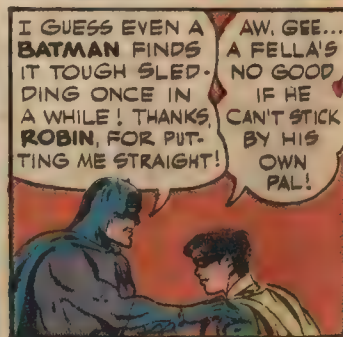
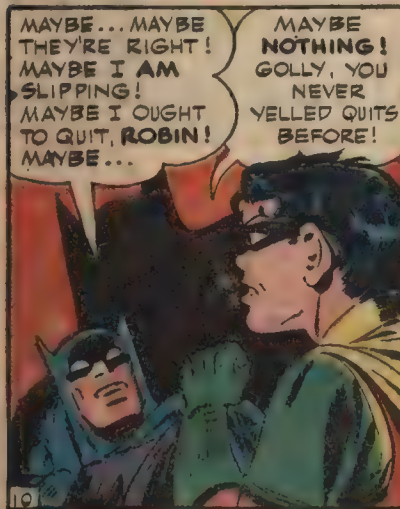
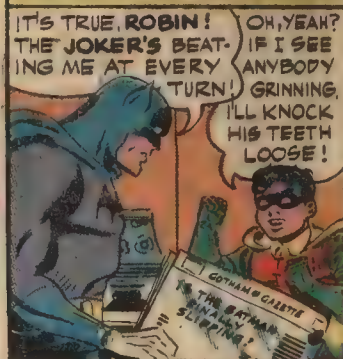
AND THIS TIME IT IS THE BATMAN WHO IS THE SUBJECT OF A LAMPOONING CARTOON!



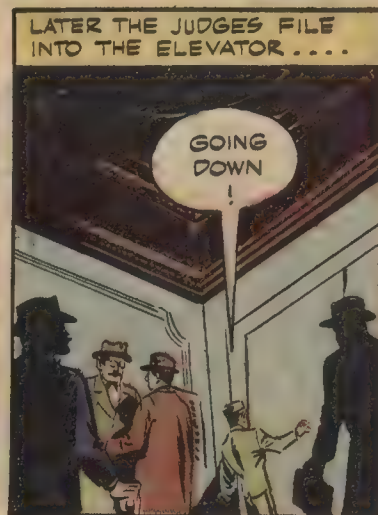
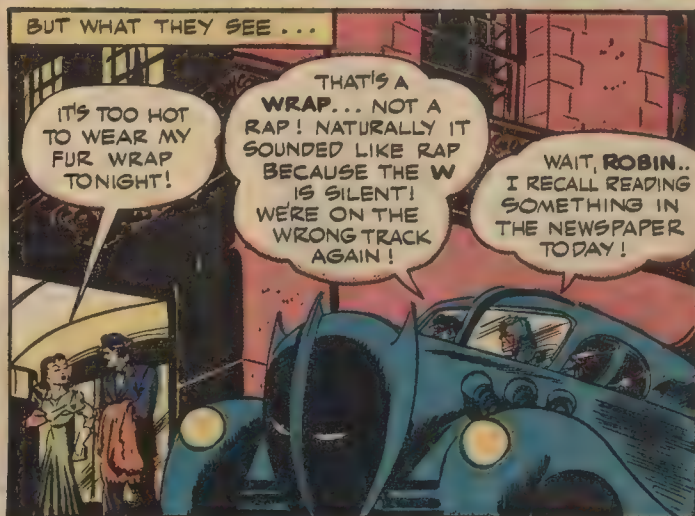
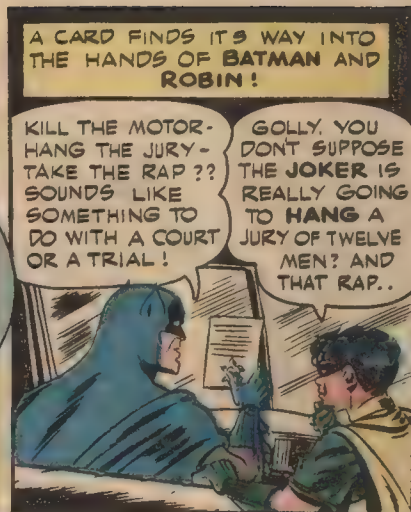
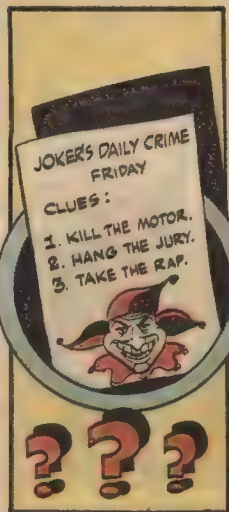
AND THAT EVENING, AS THE BATMAN DELIVERS HIS DAILY LECTURE, THE POISON OF DOUBT BEGINS TO EAT AT THE THOUGHTS OF THE AUDIENCE!



THE DOUBT SPREADS LIKE A MALIGNANT GROWTH... AND EVEN PLANT ROOTS IN THE HEART OF THE BATMAN!









AT THAT MOMENT... DOWN BELOW  
IN THE BUILDING BASEMENT...

JUST LIKE THE JOKER  
PLANNED! FIRST WE  
KILL THE MOTOR BY  
SHORT CIRCUITING  
IT!

AND IN A HIDDEN  
CORNER, UPSTAIRS,  
THE JOKER  
LAUGHS...

HA! HA! BY NOW  
THE JURY OF THE  
CONTEST SHOULD  
BE HANGING!  
HA! HA!

IN TRUTH, THE JURY DOES HANG...  
BETWEEN FLOORS! AND IN THE  
CAR AN AMAZING TRANSFORMATION  
TAKES PLACE!

OKAY, ROBIN... PEEL  
OFF THAT ELEVATOR  
BOY DISGUISE! THE  
CAR STOPPED AS EXPECTED!

GOOD THING  
WE ARRANGED  
ALL THIS  
BEFORE  
HAND! NOW  
FOR THE JOKER!

THE ELEVATOR TOP  
SLIDES BACK.. AND  
LIKE TWO MONKEYS  
ON A STRING, THE  
CRIME-CRACKERS  
CLAMBER UP THE  
CABLE!

EASY,  
ROBIN...  
AND NO  
SLIPS!

ARE  
YOU  
KIDDIN'?

AND AT THAT MOMENT THE JOKER'S  
CRIME PARADE MARCHES ON!

EEEEEE!  
THE  
JOKER!

IN PERSON, MADAME..  
AND SINCE I REMOVE  
MY HAT... SURELY YOU  
CAN REMOVE YOUR  
WRAP!

HAW! HAW!  
AIN'T THE  
JOKER  
A  
CARD?

YEAH...  
HE'S THE WHOLE  
MARKED DECK!

YOU!

YOU'RE TAKING THE RAP  
ALL RIGHT, JOKER...

BUT THE WAY YOU  
SPELLED IT THE  
FIRST TIME WITH-  
OUT THE W!



FISTS LIKE TRIP HAMMERS POUND  
AT THE JOKER'S UNDERLINGS !

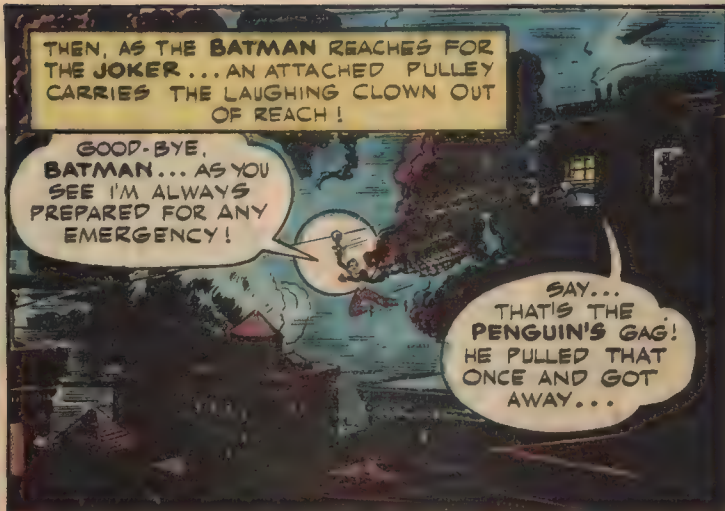


HOW DO YOU  
FEEL NOW,  
BATMAN ?

SWELL...  
CONFIDENTIALLY,  
I DON'T THINK  
I'LL EVER  
QUIT THIS  
GAME !

THEN, AS THE BATMAN REACHES FOR  
THE JOKER... AN ATTACHED PULLEY  
CARRIES THE LAUGHING CLOWN OUT  
OF REACH !

GOOD-BYE,  
BATMAN... AS YOU  
SEE I'M ALWAYS  
PREPARED FOR ANY  
EMERGENCY !



SAY...  
THAT'S THE  
PENGUIN'S GAG!  
HE PULLED THAT  
ONCE AND GOT  
AWAY...

A HISSING SOUND...  
AND A LASSO WHIPS UP  
ABOUT THE JOKER'S  
MIDDLE !



...BUT  
YOU WON'T  
!

BETTER  
NOT LET GO  
IN ORDER TO KILL  
ME, JOKER...  
'CAUSE YOU'LL ONLY  
BE CUTTING OFF  
YOUR NOSE  
TO SPITE  
YOUR FACE !

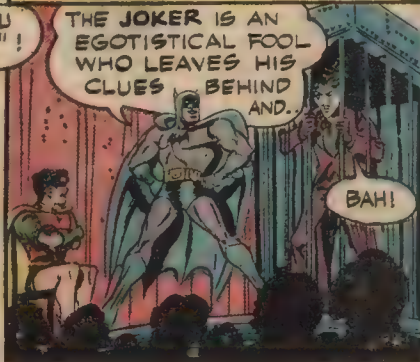


AND AS THEY REACH  
THE OTHER ROOF;  
A JAW-CRACKING  
SMASH WRITES  
"FINIS" TO THE  
JOKER'S ESCAPE !



NOW IT'S TIME YOU  
HOLLARED "UNCLE" !

AND SO, THAT  
NIGHT BATMAN  
DELIVERS HIS  
LECTURE.... BUT  
THIS TIME WITH  
A FLESH AND BLOOD EXHIBIT !



THE JOKER IS AN  
EGOTISTICAL FOOL  
WHO LEAVES HIS  
CLUES BEHIND  
AND...

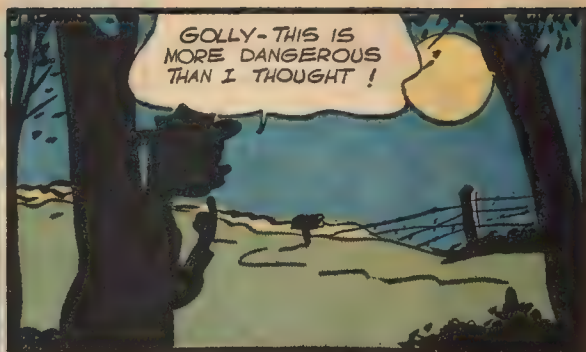
BAH !

AND SO THE CASE ENDED BUT FOR  
THE GAZETTE'S CARTOON !



Not only did The Joker take the  
Rap... He also got the LUMPS !





## BATMAN No. 15 - ON SALE DEC. 11<sup>TH</sup>!

...WITH **FOUR** TYPICAL **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** ADVENTURES FOR **YOUR** ENJOYMENT!

1. **THE BOY WHO WANTED TO BE ROBIN....**

HUMAN INTEREST WITH A REAL PUNCH!

2. **YOUR FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE....**

THE RETURN OF THE GLAMOROUS CAT-WOMAN!

3. **THE TWO FUTURES...**

BATMAN AND ROBIN GO INTO DAYS-TO-COME TO ENVISION LIFE UNDER NAZISM.....OR DEMOCRACY!

4. **THE LONELIEST MEN IN THE WORLD...**

A CHRISTMAS STORY THAT HAS EVERYTHING!



**DON'T MISS IT!**



# The **BOY COMMANDOS**

IN

**A BREAK FOR SANTA**

by  
**JOE  
SIMON  
and JACK  
KIRBY**

## ORDER OF THE DAY

WE WILL DELIVER A  
CHRISTMAS GIFT WHICH  
WILL HAVE TO BE STOLEN  
FROM A NAZI  
CONCENTRATION CAMP...  
A LITTLE BOY'S LIFE  
DEPENDS ON IT....

*Rip Carter...*  
CAPTAIN

**I**N A WORLD CLOUDED BY THE DARKNESS OF THE MADMEN WHO WORSHIP THE SWORD OVER THE GOOD BOOK, THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS IS OBSCURED BY THE TRAGEDY OF DEATH AND CONQUEST...YET CHRISTMAS... AND ALL IT STANDS FOR IN LOVE, HUMILITY AND ABIDING FAITH STILL FINDS EXPRESSION IN THE DEEDS OF MEN OF VALOR! THIS EPIC OF CHRISTMAS AND DARING TELLS HOW THE **BOY COMMANDOS** AND THEIR GALLANT LEADER, **CAPTAIN RIP CARTER**, SMASH AT THE NAZI FORCES OF EVIL AND SLAVERY TO BRING BACK HAPPINESS IN PLACE OF TEARS AND DESPAIR!





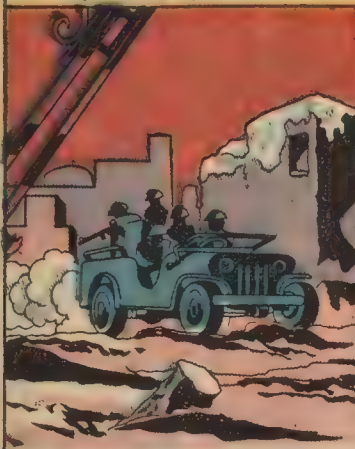
## Blackout in Europe!

THE ICY WIND SHIVERS OUT AN EERIE MESSAGE----AS PHANTOM-LIKE FIGURES STEAL STEALTHILY INTO THE NIGHT!

**A** BLANKET OF SNOW MUFFLES THE TREAD OF MILITARY FEET WHERE THE SHADOWY WARRIORS CONVERGE ON A PRE-ARRANGED RENDEZVOUS...

**S**WIFTLY AND EXPERTLY THEY CLAMBER INTO THAT MONSTER OF "BLITZKRIEG" WARFARE...  
**THE ARMORED CAR!**

NIMBLE HANDS CONCEAL THE VICIOUS SNUOTS OF THE GUNS...

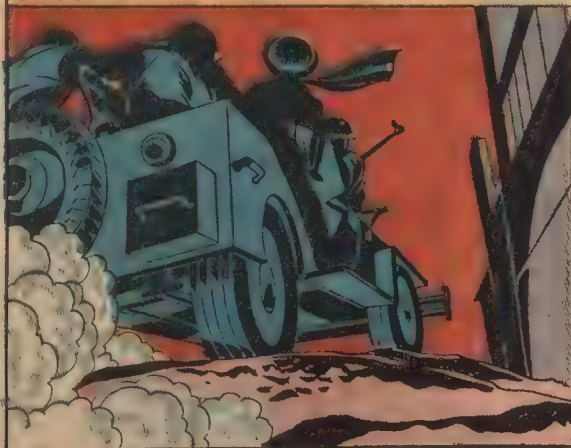


A WHISPERED COMMAND IS DROWNED OUT BY THE HOWL OF THE WIND...

LOAD EVERYTHING AND ASSUME YOUR STATIONS!



SILENTLY AS A GHOST SHIP, THE IRON JUGGERNAUT ROLLS INTO THE SHADOWS...



...AND HEADS DIRECTLY FOR THE HEART OF THE CITY!



REMEMBER...WE'VE STAKED A LOT ON THIS...EVERYTHING MUST GO OFF TO THE SPLIT SECOND!

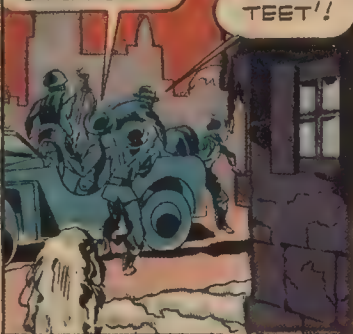
**BOY!**

WILL THEY BE SURPRISED WHEN WE DROP DIS LOAD ON 'EM!



BROOKLYN AND I WILL TAKE THE FRONT ENTRANCE... ANDRE AND JAN TAKE THE REAR...AND YOU, ALFY, HOP IN THROUGH THE SIDE DOOR!

IT'LL BE TOUGH DE WAY WE'RE ALL LOADED TO DA FEET!!



PUT ON YER DISGUISES! IF THEY RECOGNIZE US...IT'S COITINS!!





AND THE BOY COMMANDOS  
SUCCESSFULLY CARRY THROUGH  
THEIR SURPRISE "BLITZ"!!

# MERRY CHRISTMAS!

MERRY  
CHRISTMAS,  
KIDS!

ALLRIGHT,  
KIDDIES...  
GATHER  
'ROUND OL'  
SANTA,  
AND ----

HEY, KIDS! YOU  
HOID SANTA,  
DIN'TCHA? HE'S  
GOT TOYS FOR  
YA...PRESENTS!!

VOT ISS  
WRONG?

ITT ISS DER NIGHT  
BEFORE GRYSMUS--  
YOU SHOULD BE  
HAPPY--UND  
LAFFING!

H'I SYE, CHILDREN...  
CHEER H'UP!  
WE AIN'T AS  
TERRIBLE LOOKING  
AS THAT!

WHAT'S GOIN'  
ON? DESE  
KID'S AIN'T  
RESPONDIN'!

HERE COMES  
THE SUPER-  
INTENDENT  
NOW... WE'LL  
FIND OUT  
ABOUT  
THIS!







NOT A CHANCE IN THE WORLD!  
HIS FATHER IS IN A NAZI  
PRISON CAMP...SUFFERING  
DEVIL'S TORMENT! I JUST  
RECEIVED THE REPORT FROM  
THE INTERNATIONAL RED  
CROSS IN GENEVA!



I AM SORRY YOUR KIND  
GESTURE WAS NOT FULLY  
APPRECIATED...IT SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN STAGED UNDER  
HAPPIER CIRCUMSTANCES!



POOR  
LITTLE  
FELLOW!

DE NASTIES ARE  
RESPONSIBLE  
FER DIS!

CHUST VAIT  
TILL I GET  
MINE HANDS  
ON DER  
GOOSE-  
STEPPERS!



BLIMEY, RIR..YOU'VE  
NEVER FAILED US!  
THERE MUST BE  
SOMETHING  
WE CAN DO!

HMM...I  
WONDER...

BEFORE WE DO ANYTHING,  
WE'D BETTER REPORT TO  
QUARTERS!  
SA-AY...  
WHAT'S  
THIS?

THERE THEY H'ARE!  
THE FIFTH COLUM-  
NISTS! LET'S  
GET THIM!



WHO'S A FIFT' COLUMNIST?  
LEMME AT DEM...I'LL  
MANGLE 'EM... I'LL  
TEAR 'EM APART!



HOLD ON,  
KIDS...LET'S  
TALK THIS  
OVER!

TEAR NOTHIN'...  
YE BLINKIN'  
TRAITORS!

DAT DOES  
IT!! UP AN'  
AT 'EM,  
GANG!





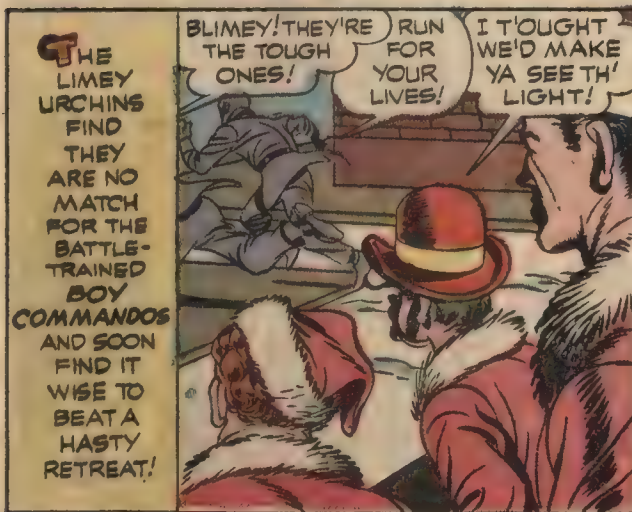


WELL, GO AHEAD... GET IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEMS! BUT I STILL SAY THAT'S THE HARD WAY TO SETTLE AN ARGUMENT!



DIS IS KNOWN AS DE FLATBUSH FLIER!

COME ON IN, BOYS... DE WATERLOO'S FINE!



**T**HE LIMY LURCHINS FIND THEY ARE NO MATCH FOR THE BATTLE-TRAINED BOY COMMANDOS AND SOON FIND IT WISE TO BEAT A HASTY RETREAT!

BLIMEY! THEY'RE THE TOUGH ONES!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

I T'UGHT WE'D MAKE YA SEE TH' LIGHT!



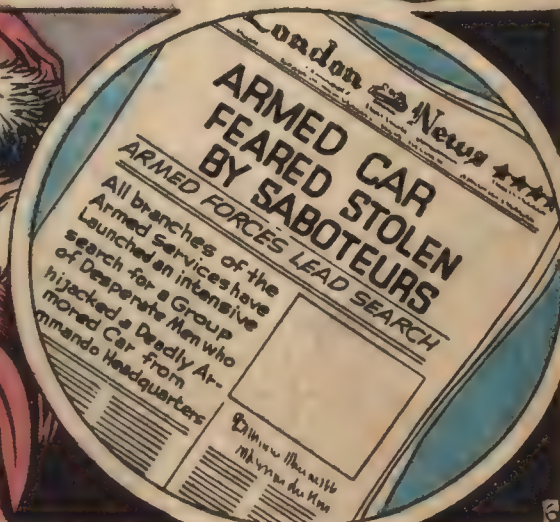
HEY! ONE O' DEM CHUMPS DROPPED HIS NEWSPAPER... WONDER HOW TH' DODGERS MADE OUT...?



LET'S SEE NOW... WHERE DO THEY PUT TH' SPORTS PAGES IN THESE GAZETTES!

BROOKLYN!! LOOK AT THESE HEADLINES!

ARMED CAR STOLEN

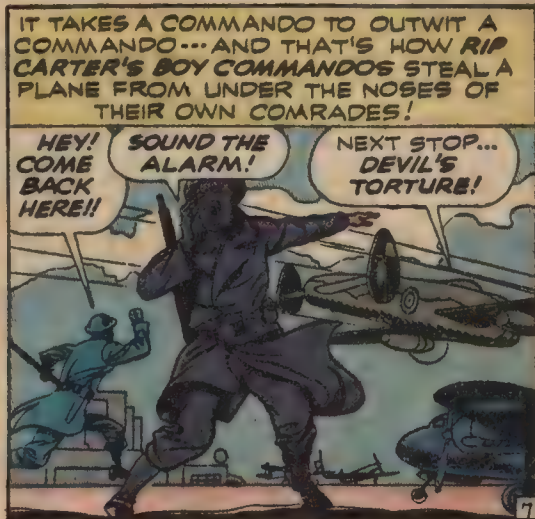


**London News**  
**ARMED CAR FEARED STOLEN BY SABOTEURS**  
**ARMED FORCES LEAD SEARCH**

All branches of the Armed Services have launched an intensive search for a Group of Desperate Men who hijacked a Deadly Armored Car from Commando Headquarters

Continued on page 10







LIKE A DREAD CHAMBER OF HORRORS FROM THE TERRIBLE DAYS OF THE INFAMOUS INQUISITION... **DEVIL'S TORTURE** LIVES UP TO THE FULL IMPACT OF ITS NAME...

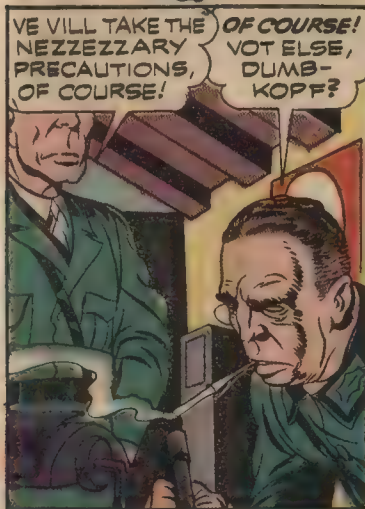
**S**URROUNDED BY A HIGH ELECTRIFIED FENCE AND BRISTLING WITH MACHINE GUNS, THE PRISON'S ONLY ESCAPE FOR ITS PAIN-WRACKED INMATES IS...

*Death!*



DER PRISONERS ARE QUIET... TOO QUIET TONIGHT, HERR COMMANDANT!

DEN DEY ARE PLOTTING VOR ANNUODER ESCAPE! YOU VILL HAFF SHPORT SHOOTING DOWN DER SCHVEIN!... IT VILL BE MORE FUN DAN AN OFFICIAL EGGZICUTION!

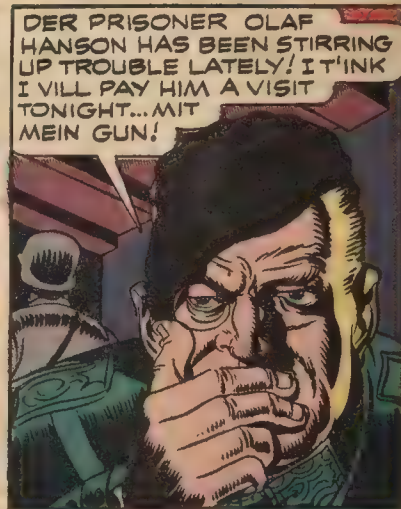


VE VILL TAKE THE NEZZEZZARY PRECAUTIONS, OF COURSE!

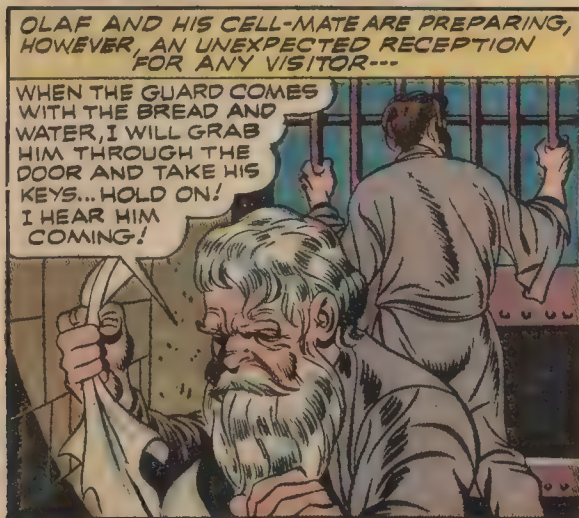
OF COURSE! VOT ELSE, DUMB-KOPF?



OF COURSE, HERR COMMANDANT... HEIL HITLER!



DER PRISONER OLAF HANSON HAS BEEN STIRRING UP TROUBLE LATELY! I T'INK I VILL PAY HIM A VISIT TONIGHT... MIT MEIN GUN!



OLAF AND HIS CELL-MATE ARE PREPARING, HOWEVER, AN UNEXPECTED RECEPTION FOR ANY VISITOR---

WHEN THE GUARD COMES WITH THE BREAD AND WATER, I WILL GRAB HIM THROUGH THE DOOR AND TAKE HIS KEYS... HOLD ON! I HEAR HIM COMING!



BUT THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, AND...

THE COMMANDANT! IT IS NOT LIKE HIM TO BE SO FOOLISH! HE WALKED RIGHT INTO OUR PLANS!

WE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN A BETTER CHRISTMAS GIFT!

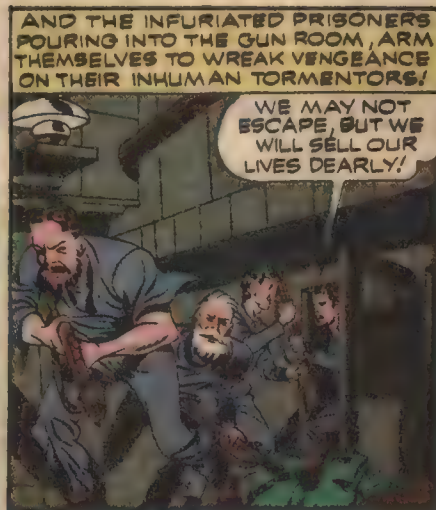




HERE...TAKE  
HIS KEYS, OLAF...  
FREE THE  
OTHERS!

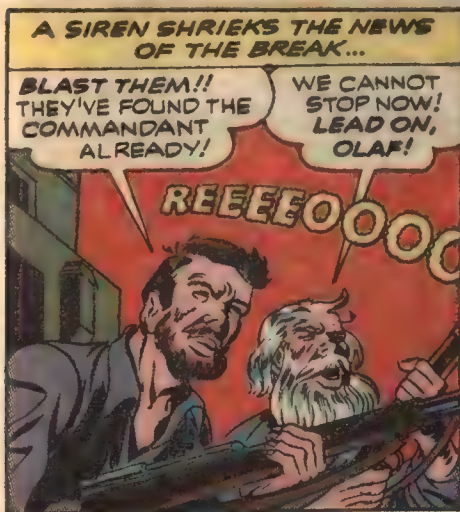


STEALING STEALTHILY  
ALONG THE CORRIDORS,  
OLAF LIBERATES THE  
GAUNT VICTIMS OF NAZI  
TERRORISM ...



AND THE INFURIATED PRISONERS  
POURING INTO THE GUN ROOM, ARM  
THEMSELVES TO WREAK VENGEANCE  
ON THEIR INHUMAN TORMENTORS!

WE MAY NOT  
ESCAPE, BUT WE  
WILL SELL OUR  
LIVES DEARLY!

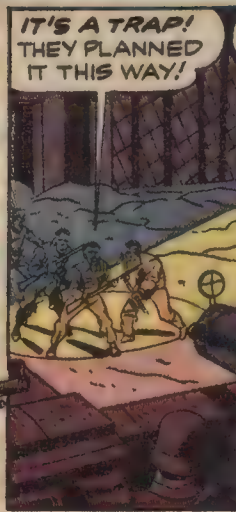


A SIREN SHRIEKS THE NEWS  
OF THE BREAK...

BLAST THEM!!  
THEY'VE FOUND THE  
COMMANDANT  
ALREADY!

WE CANNOT  
STOP NOW!  
LEAD ON,  
OLAF!

REEEEOOOO



IT'S A TRAP!  
THEY PLANNED  
IT THIS WAY!

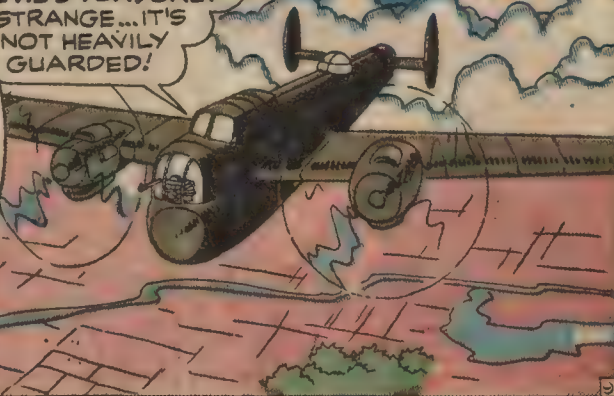
SCHVEIN! YOU HAFF HAD YOUR  
FUN...NOW VE VILL HAFF OURS!  
YOU VILL ALL DIE...



...LIKE THE DOGS  
YOU ARE!

BUT... FROM OUT OF THE VERY HEAVENS, A FAMILIAR  
DRONE BLENDS WITH THE STACCATO COUGH OF  
THE SUB-MACHINE GUNS...

THERE IT IS, BOYS...  
DEVIL'S TORTURE!  
STRANGE...IT'S  
NOT HEAVILY  
GUARDED!



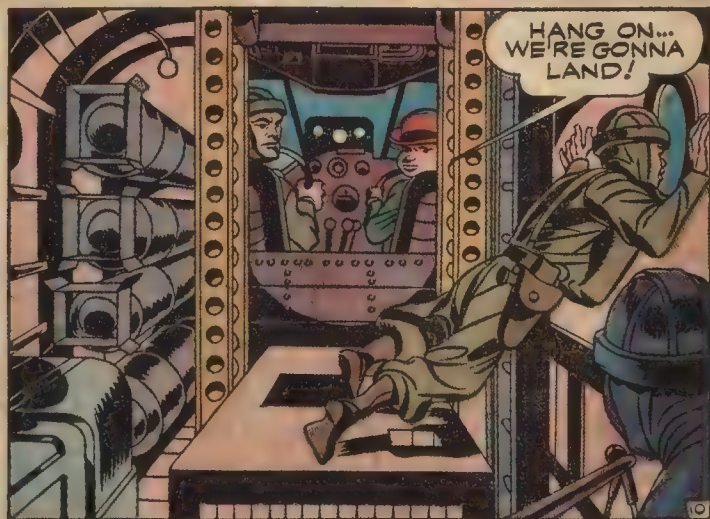


**L**IKE AVENGING SPIRITS ANSWERING  
THE CALL OF THE DISTRESSED...  
THEY PLUMMET DOWN FROM THE  
SKIES... MIRACLE MEN OF FREEDOM!

## **THE COMMANDOS ARE COMING!**

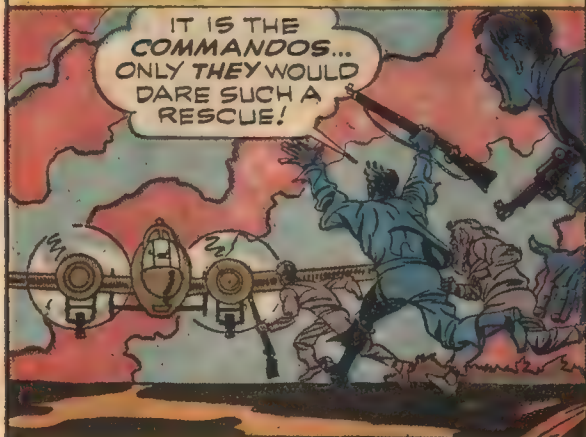


THE TERRIBLE EXPLOSIONS CREATE  
A DIVERSION FOR THE TRAPPED  
PRISONERS... AND THE TABLES  
ARE TURNED ON THEIR RUTHLESS  
JAILERS!





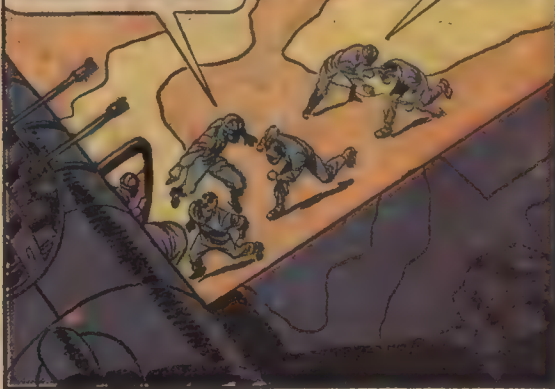
AS THE ESCAPING PRISONERS BREAK LOOSE IN THE CONFUSION, THEY RUN TOWARD THE LANDING BRITISH BOMBER!



IT IS THE COMMANDOS... ONLY THEY WOULD DARE SUCH A RESCUE!

QUICKLY! TO THE PLANE! WE MUST DESTROY THE PRISON COMPLETELY--- BEFORE THEY CAN REORGANIZE!

DIS WAY, OLAF...WE DON'T WANNA LOSE YOU!



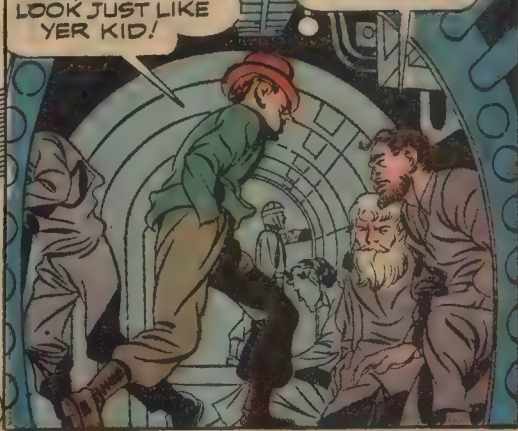
A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION ROCKS THE EARTH...DEVIL'S TORMENT IS NO MORE...



THEIR WORK OF DESTRUCTION COMPLETED, THE COMMANDOS CATAPULT FROM THE SHAMBLES AS GERMAN MOTORIZED UNITS SCREAM TO THE SCENE OF DESOLATION!

WHAT A SNATCH! WE COULDN'T MISS YOU, OLAF...YA LOOK JUST LIKE YER KID!

LITTLE OLAF... HOW IS HE? IS HE WELL?



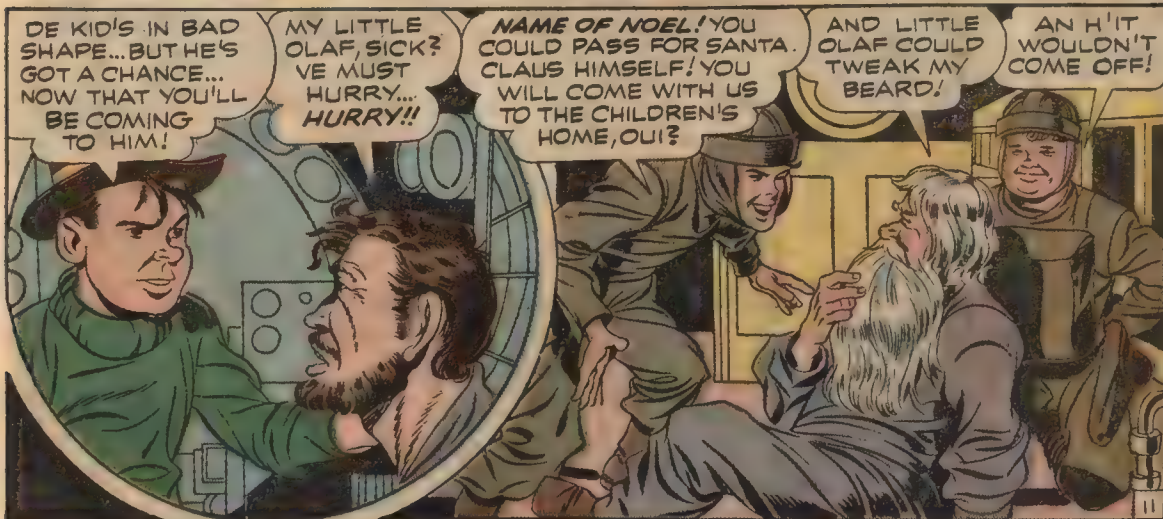
DE KID'S IN BAD SHAPE...BUT HE'S GOT A CHANCE... NOW THAT YOU'LL BE COMING TO HIM!

MY LITTLE OLAF, SICK? VE MUST HURRY... HURRY!!

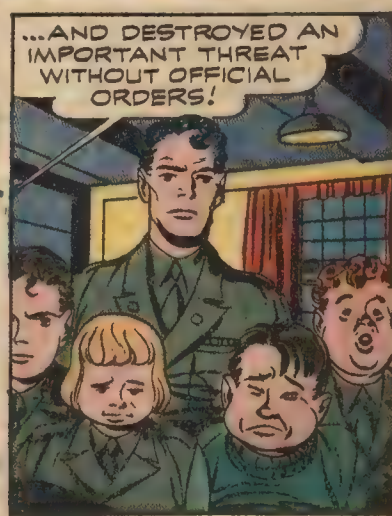
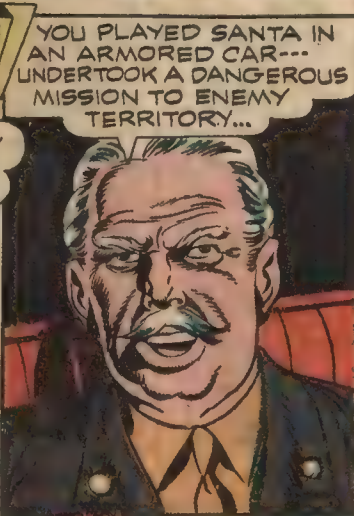
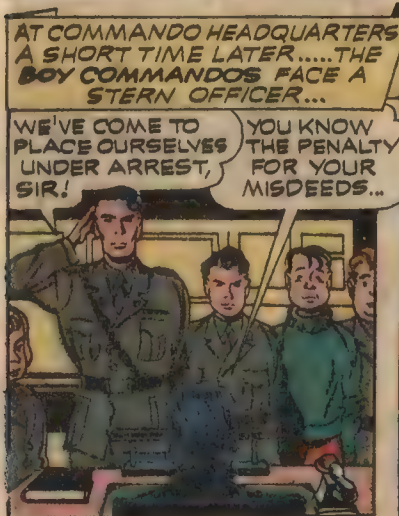
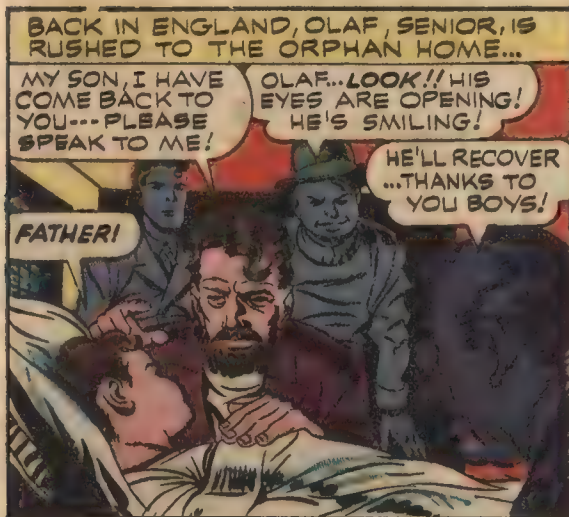
NAME OF NOEL! YOU COULD PASS FOR SANTA. CLAUS HIMSELF! YOU WILL COME WITH US TO THE CHILDREN'S HOME, OUI?

AND LITTLE OLAF COULD TWEAK MY BEARD!

AN H'IT WOULDN'T COME OFF!



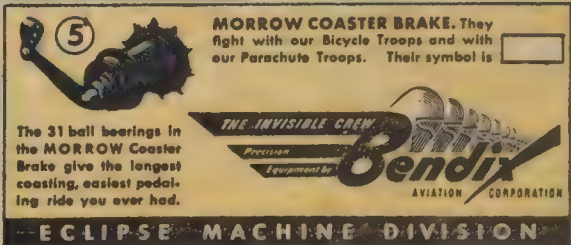
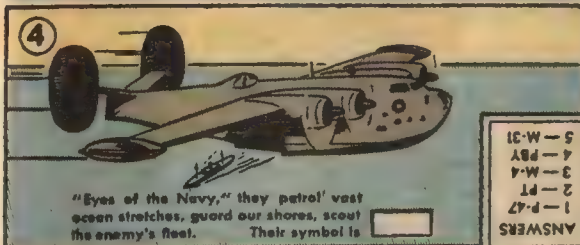
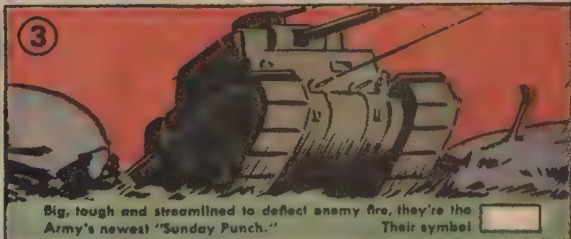
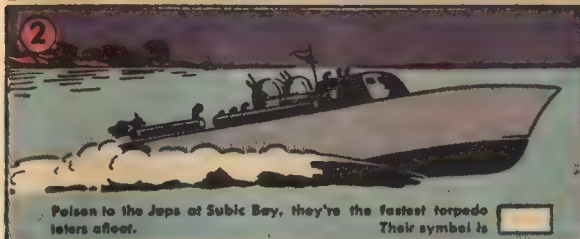
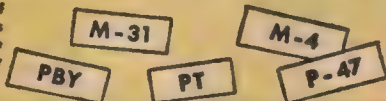






# HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.



ANSWERS  
1-P-47  
2-PT  
3-M-4  
4-PBV  
5-M-31

## DIZZY DATA

..... BY CPL. GEO. P. H.







# STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias



## Simon Bolivar

ONE of South America's greatest liberators and most famous hero was Simon Bolivar. In fact, he may be called the George Washington of Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru, for it was his guiding genius which was instrumental in bringing about their independence. He fought for more than 10 years against the Spanish rulers in the cause of independence and in the beginning was defeated time and time again, only to spring up again at another place with a new army. As his fame grew, so did his armies and it was not long before the tide of battle turned in his favor. He defeated one Spanish

ernment. When Bolivar arrived in Caracas in 1810, it was not long before he became a promoter for the independence of Venezuela. From that time on, he devoted the rest of his life to the cause of liberty and independence. Bolivar became the first president of Colombia which at that time consisted of the former Spanish provinces of Venezuela, Ecuador and New Granada (Colombia) which were united into a greater Colombia. Additional honors were bestowed upon him when the former Spanish province of Upper Peru which he liberated, proclaimed itself the Republic of Bolivia.

Most of the stamps of Vene-



Simon Bolivar

army after another and in 1824 at Ayacucho, Peru, he won a decisive victory which broke the power of Spain in South America.

Simon Bolivar was born in Caracas, Venezuela in 1783, of noble parents who sent him to Spain for an education. While in Europe he was an eye-witness to some of the scenes of the French Revolution. On his trip home, he stopped in the United States where he observed the workings of a free and independent gov-

zuela, and a good many of those of Colombia, Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador, have Bolivar's portrait on the designs. An actual count of the stamps bearing his likeness may show that he has appeared on more stamps of South American countries than any other person. Not only has a country been named after him, but the currency of Venezuela has been called a bolivar and in Bolivia, it is called a boliviano.

**6 LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLES 5c**  
Complete set to approval applicants only.  
L. W. BROWN Dept. DA Marion, Mich.

**Gigantic Canadian Bargain**  
Complete set Royal Visit, Coronation, Jubilee, new George VI set, Confederation, Geo. V set, etc. A gigantic bargain. Only to approval applicants.  
Ensign Stamp Co., Box 118-D, So. Orange, N. J.

## UNITED STATES BARGAIN

Here's an offer so stupendous that it is almost unbelievable: 52 different U.S. stamps ranging in age as far back as over sixty years and in face value as high as the dollar! Wilson, composed entirely of face different postage, airmail and commemorative stamps, nothing else, in addition, 2 U.S. Possession pictorials.

We will send all these for only 10c, but only to sincere approval applicants. In asking for approvals please state whether you are interested in United States or foreign stamps or both.

Approval Headquarters  
GLOBUS STAMP COMPANY  
268 Fourth Avenue, Dept. 733 New York City

**U.S. FREE** Perforation Gauge and Millimeter Scale **U.S.**  
If you Write To-Day for My Fine U.S. Approvals  
JOHN J. GUNTHER, Box 555, Stamford, Conn.

## FREE — THE STAMP FINDER!

Send to-day for big new edition fully illustrated, enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps! Also fine packet strange, fascinating stamps from Bosnia, Montenegro, Jamaica, Jorh, etc., including Maps, Ships, Animals and strange scenes. All free to approval applicants including 3c postage.

Box 952 GARCELON STAMP CO. Calais, Maine

## GREAT \$4.00 C.B. PRICE FOR 5c OFFER!

(1) Big collection of 112 all different genuine stamps, from Africa, South America, South Sea Islands, etc. Includes Nicaragua airmail; triangle and animal stamps; many others. (2) 2 scarce unused United States, cat. price 20c. (3) Fine packet 25 different British Colonies—Jamaica, Jorh, etc. (4) U.S. \$4.00 & \$5.00 high values. Total catalog price over \$4.00! Everything for only 5c to approval applicants! Big lists of other bargains given. MYSTIC STAMP CO., Dept. 4, Camden, New York

## VICTORY PACKET FREE

Includes stamps from Tanganyika—British Cayman Islands—Animal—Babes—Coronation—Early Victorian—Airmail—Map Stamps— with Big Catalogue, all free. Send 5c for postage.  
GRAY STAMP COMPANY  
Dept. AM Toronto Canada

**55 DIFFERENT U.S. 5c**  
Including AIRMAILS, PRE-SIDENTIALS, high values, 19th Century, COMMEMORATIVES, etc., revenues, etc. to applicants for our BARGAIN APPROVALS. FREE BIG LIST included.  
W. C. BOOKMAN, Box 145DA, Maplewood, N. J.

**PONY EXPRESS SET**  
Few collectors have ever seen these rare U.S. locals issued by Wells Fargo & Co. in 1861. Since originals are practically unobtainable, we will send a free set of facsimile reproductions to approval applicants who enclose 4c (four cents) postage.  
R. D. Roberts & Co., 304 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

## 118 DIFFERENT STAMPS

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Badger Stamp Co., Dept. E, Milwaukee, Wis.

## STAMPS — HINGES — BOOK

Packet of 100 different stamps from world; including countries at war; packet of stamp hinges; 48 page STAMPS COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK full of valuable information. Everything 10c to approval applicants.  
H. D. Dolin, 31 Park Row, New York City

**MEXICO**  
**GIVEN** CENSUS SET COMPLETE **FREE**  
Free to approval applicants  
PLADON STAMP CO.  
1717 Idaho, Dept. DA, Toledo, Ohio

**EARN CASH! . . . EARN STAMPS!**  
Boys and girls, sell my approvals, nickel packets and supplies in your school, club, and neighborhood or to yourself in stamps and profits to you. Wholesale and Bargain Lists sent.  
Mortimer C. Ellis, 35 Rhode St., New York City

**WAR TORN RUSSIA**  
Scarce set of four Russian stamps including 1c, plus 1c, 2c, 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 7c, 8c, 9c, 10c, 11c, 12c, 13c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c, 18c, 19c, 20c, 21c, 22c, 23c, 24c, 25c, 26c, 27c, 28c, 29c, 30c, 31c, 32c, 33c, 34c, 35c, 36c, 37c, 38c, 39c, 40c, 41c, 42c, 43c, 44c, 45c, 46c, 47c, 48c, 49c, 50c, 51c, 52c, 53c, 54c, 55c, 56c, 57c, 58c, 59c, 60c, 61c, 62c, 63c, 64c, 65c, 66c, 67c, 68c, 69c, 70c, 71c, 72c, 73c, 74c, 75c, 76c, 77c, 78c, 79c, 80c, 81c, 82c, 83c, 84c, 85c, 86c, 87c, 88c, 89c, 90c, 91c, 92c, 93c, 94c, 95c, 96c, 97c, 98c, 99c, 100c.  
Frederick B. Pitts, Dept. 26, Framingham, Mass.



# THE CRIMSON AVENGER

BY JACK LEHTI



DID YOU EVER KNOW A MAN WHOSE LUCK WAS ALL BAD? EVERYTHING HAPPENED TO SAM CARVER...BLACK CATS CROSSED HIS PATH, LUCKY COINS WENT SOUR, HORSESHOES LOST THEIR MAGIC WHEN HE TOUCHED THEM AND CROOKS USED HIM FOR A PUNCHING...AND ALL THE TIME, WHILE HIS OWN BAD JUDGMENT WAS AT FAULT, HE BLAMED LADY LUCK! THEN THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING WENT TO HIS RESCUE, RELYING NOT ON LUCK, BUT UPON COURAGE AND SKILL...AND WROTE A HAPPY ENDING TO THE STORY OF

THE  
UNLUCKY  
REPORTER







IN THE OFFICE OF THE GLOBE-LEADER...MORE BAD LUCK! LEE TRAVIS, PUBLISHER-EDITOR, GREET'S SAM CARVER ANGRILY!



CARVER, I THOUGHT I ASSIGNED YOU TO INTERVIEW MR. BETTS!

I TRIED, MR. TRAVIS, BUT HE WOULDN'T SPEAK TO ANY REPORTERS!



IS THAT SO? EVERY REPORTER IN TOWN COULD GET INTERVIEW... EXCEPT YOU! CARVER THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG!



I'M JUST UNLUCKY, MR. TRAVIS!

SEE-MESSAGE... MESSENGER REPORTER EAR INTERVIEWS BETTS ON NEW

I DON'T BELIEVE IN LUCK, CARVER! YOU JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO BE A REPORTER! I'M GIVING YOU ONE LAST CHANCE!

UH...YES, SIR!



JOHN HARRIGAN HAS INVENTED A NEW DOG FOOD! IT ISN'T IMPORTANT, BUT IT'LL MAKE A GOOD HUMAN INTEREST STORY! I WANT YOU TO INTERVIEW HIM!

I'LL DO IT, MR. TRAVIS! I'LL GET YOU THE BEST INTERVIEW YOU EVER SAW!

A DETERMINED SAM CARVER SETS OUT... WHILE LEE TRAVIS WONDERS...



AUT'MOBILE LEADY, MIST TRAVIS!

THANKS, WING! THAT MAN CARVER CAN GET INTO MORE TROUBLE THAN ANY DOZEN PEOPLE I KNOW... I THINK I'LL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM!

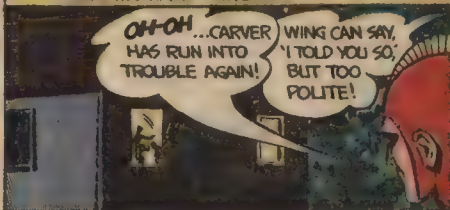
A QUICK CHANGE TO FIGHTING TOGS... AND LEE TRAVIS BECOMES THE CRIMSON AVENGER, CRUSADING CRIME-CRUSHER! WITH WING, HE WATCHES AS...



THERE ARE CARVER AND HARRIGAN! THIS IS ONE INTERVIEW CARVER HAD NO TROUBLE GETTING!

OLD FLOWERS SAY: NO COUNT CHICKENS BEFO' YOU HAVE BID IN HAND!

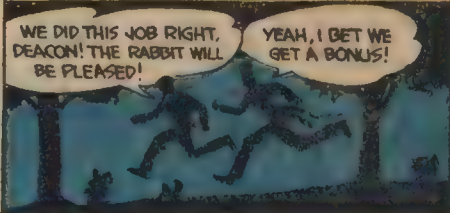
SUDDENLY...A SINISTER SHADOW STEALS UPON THE SCENE... SWIFTES FIERCELY...



OH-OH...CARVER HAS RUN INTO TROUBLE AGAIN!

WING CAN SAY, 'I TOLD YOU SO, BUT TOO POLITE!

BELOW...A BRACE OF HOODLUMS HEADS FOR HOME!



WE DID THIS JOB RIGHT, DEACON! THE RABBIT WILL BE PLEASED!

YEAH, I BET WE GET A BONUS!



THEN A CRIMSON THUNDERBOLT STREAKS DOWN



THIS IS A LONG WAY TO JUMP BUT I'M COUNTING ON SOMETHING SOFT TO BREAK MY FALL!

HEY, LOOK! THAT SWORD! IT'S THE AVENGER!

THE AVENGING SWORD, PRODUCED BY A PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK, STRIKES TERROR INTO THE BLACK HEARTS OF THE CRIMINALS!



ONLY TWO CLOCKS! MIST' CLIMSON NO NEED MY HELD!

AH! HERE ARE A COUPLE OF THINGS SO SOFT THEY'RE MUSHY!



AHHH. THINK I'LL TAKE A NAP!

WISH I WERE THE SANDMAN YOU'D HAVE SOME UNPLEASANT DREAMS!



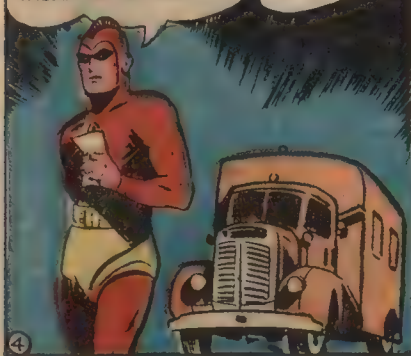
TWO SHEETS OF WHITE PAPER CATCH THE AVENGER'S HAWK-LIKE EYES!

THESE PAPERS ARE WHAT THOSE CROOKS WANTED! THINK I'LL SEE WHAT THEY ARE!

SUDDENLY...A TWO TON TRUCK HURTTLES FULL SPEED AT THE UNSUSPECTING SCAR-LET SCOURGE OF CRIME!

WELL! THIS PART OF THE FORMULA FOR HARRIGAN'S DOG FOOD! WONDER WHY THOSE CROOKS WANT IT?

MIST' CLIMSON, JUMP!



WHAT

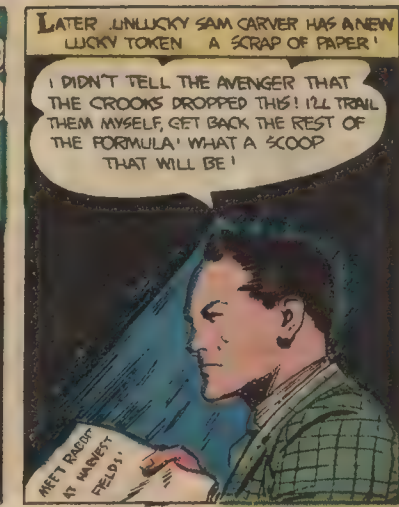
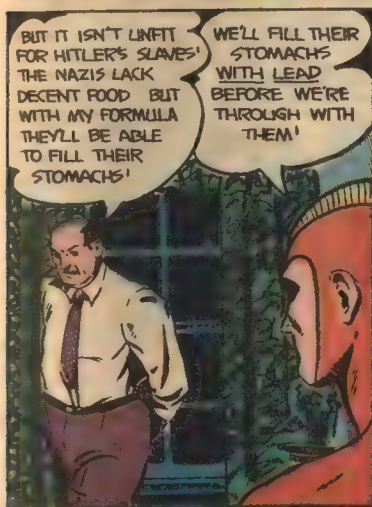
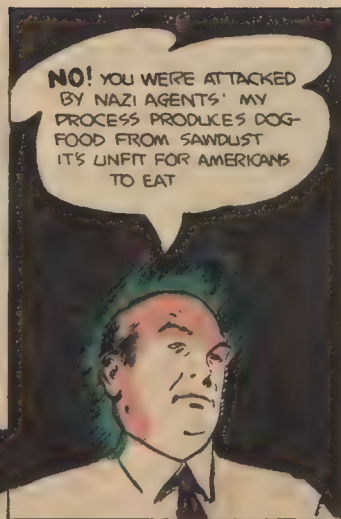
EXCUSE, MIST' CLIMSON, WHILE ME CLEAR WAY FO' TRUCK!

ONLY THE LOYAL WING'S SPLIT-SECOND ACTION HAS AVERTED DISASTER!



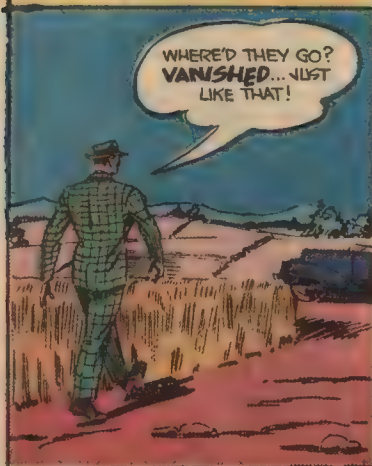
THAT TRUCK DELIBERATELY TRIED TO RUN ME DOWN, WING! I UNDERESTIMATED THESE CROOKS! I DIDN'T REALIZE THE FIRST TWO WOULD HAVE PROTECTION!







TWO MEN LEAP OUT.....AND DISAPPEAR  
AS IF BY MAGIC!



GARVER APPROACHES THE AUTOMOBILE...  
AND THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED!



YOU MUST GET THE OTHER HALF  
OF THE FORMULA! OTHERWISE, YOU  
HAVE FAILED...AND YOU KNOW HOW  
THE FUEHRER PUNISHES FAILURE!



GARVER'S EYES FALL UPON AN UNEXPECTED  
OBJECT...SYMBOL OF GOOD FORTUNE!



BUT WITHIN THE RABBIT'S DEN ...



IT'S THE SAME GUY  
I SMACKED BEFORE!  
THIS TIME WE'LL  
HAVE TO PUT HIM  
AWAY FOR KEEPS!



TAKE HIM AWAY AND DISPOSE OF  
HIM! BUT DON'T TELL ME HOW YOU  
INTEND TO DO IT! I DON'T EVEN  
LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT VIOLENCE!



BUT OUTSIDE...UNEXPECTED HELP IS NEAR! THE CRIMSON  
AVENGER AND FAITHFUL WING HAVE TRAILED GARVER TO THE  
LETTUCE PATCH!



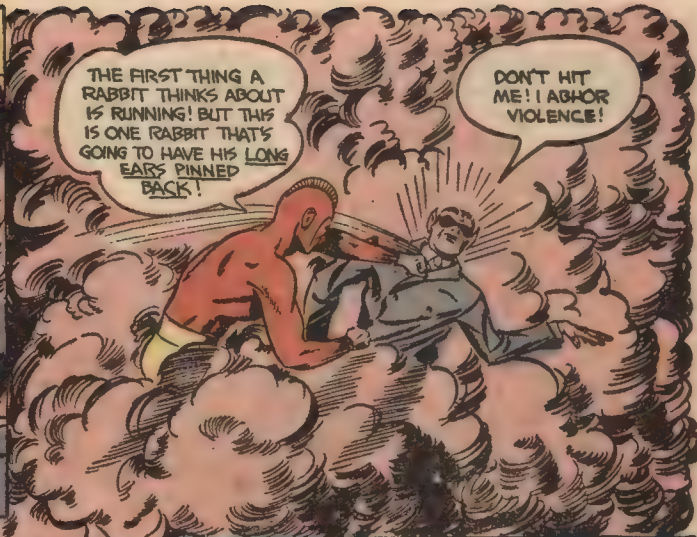


SECONDS LATER, A GLASS CAPSULE SPEEDS FROM THE HANDS OF THE CRIMSON AVENGER...A CRIMSON CLOUD FILLS THE AIR!



IT MUST BE THE AVENGER! RUN FOR IT, MEN!

NO FORGET WING, PLISS!



THE FIRST THING A RABBIT THINKS ABOUT IS RUNNING! BUT THIS IS ONE RABBIT THAT'S GOING TO HAVE HIS LONG EARS PINNED BACK!

DON'T HIT ME! I ABHOR VIOLENCE!

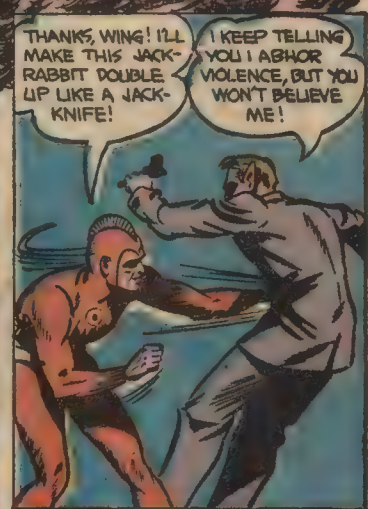


A DEACON SHOULD HAVE DECORUM, BE STIFF AND DIGNIFIED!

MAYBE I WON'T BE DIGNIFIED, BUT YOU'RE KNOCKING ME STIFF!

I HATE TO STRIKE ANYONE, BUT IT SEEMS NECESSARY!

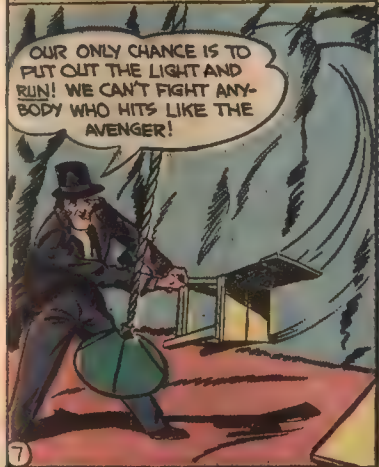
WATCH OUT, MIST' CLIMSON! LABBIT WANT TO FIGHT!



THANKS, WING! I'LL MAKE THIS JACK-RABBIT DOUBLE UP LIKE A JACK-KNIFE!

I KEEP TELLING YOU I ABHOR VIOLENCE, BUT YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME!

THE FRIGHTENED FELONS DECIDE TO SEEK REFUGE IN FLIGHT!



OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO PUT OUT THE LIGHT AND RUN! WE CAN'T FIGHT ANYBODY WHO HITS LIKE THE AVENGER!

IN THE DARKNESS, ESCAPE IS MADE GOOD!



THIS RABBIT WARREN HAS A LOT OF TUNNELS, WING! TOO BAD WE CAN'T CLUT OFF THEIR ESCAPE!

NEV' MIND, MIST' CLIMSON, NEXT TIME WE CATCH LABBIT IN TLAAP!

A CRIMSON BEAM FROM THE AVENGER'S SEARCHLIGHT STABS THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND PICKS OUT AN UNFORTUNATE FIGURE!



AM I LUCKY! I'VE STILL GOT THIS HORSESHOE!

YOUR LUCK IS IN BEING ALIVE, CARVER! I WONDER WHAT TROUBLE YOU'LL GET INTO NEXT?



THE AVENGER HAS REASON TO WONDER!  
FOR CARVER HAS ANOTHER SCHEME IN  
MIND...AND CARVER'S SCHEMES SPELL WOE!

I'M GOING TO GET EVEN WITH  
THE RABBIT! I'LL LURE HIM  
INTO A TRAP!

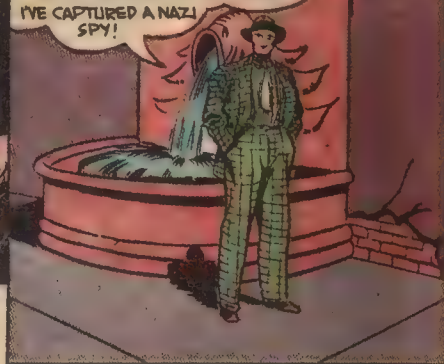


I'LL TELL HIM I'M WILLING  
TO SELL THE PART OF THE  
FORMULA HE DIDN'T GET..  
THEN I'LL CAPTURE HIM AND  
TURN HIM OVER TO THE F.B.I.!

John, please come at  
once Mother sick  
Mary  
If rabbit will com-  
municate with box  
203, he will learn  
where to get missing  
half of formula. B.  
W. If you  
close deal set ....  
WANTED: A good 1941  
car. with fairly new

AND SO SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...IN THE DEAD OF  
NIGHT, ON A SILENT, DESERTED STREET ...

THE RABBIT FELL FOR MY  
SCHEME! I'LL SHOW MR. TRAVIS I'M  
NOT SO UNLUCKY! HE'LL GIVE  
ME A RAISE WHEN HE LEARNS  
I'VE CAPTURED A NAZI  
SPY!



MEANWHILE, ON A LONELY ROOFTOP, THE  
DEACONAINS A TOMMY GUN!

THAT DUMB REPORTER  
HAS CAUSED US ENOUGH  
TROUBLE! HERE'S WHERE  
HE GETS RUBBED OUT!

THE RABBIT  
SAID TO RUB  
HIM OUT WITH-  
OUT VIOLENCE!



BUT UNKNOWN TO THE DEACON, HE HIMSELF  
IS WATCHED! FOR ON A NEIGHBORING ROOFTOP,  
THE LYNX-EYED AVENGER AND WING PREPARE  
TO PLAY THEIR PARTS IN A GRIM THREE  
CORNERED DRAMA!

LOOK LIKE  
THOMAS-GUN  
SOON CARVE  
UP CARVER!

YES, WING, IT'S  
TIME WE GOT  
GOING!



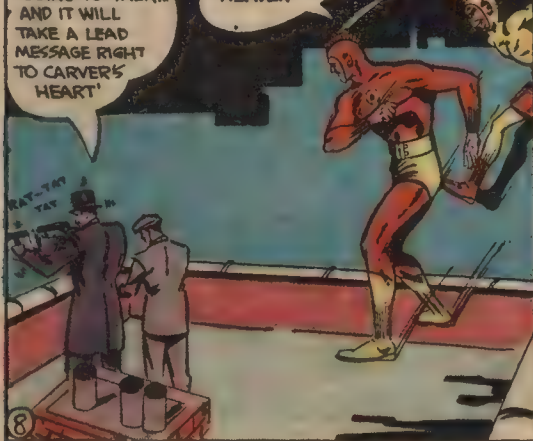
THIS SHORT RUN  
WILL GIVE US  
MOMENTUM!

FUNNY, TAKE NOT  
EVEN ONE MOMENT  
TO GET ONE  
MOMENTUM!



FROM NOW ON  
THIS GUN IS  
GOING TO TALK...  
AND IT WILL  
TAKE A LEAD  
MESSAGE RIGHT  
TO CARVER'S  
HEART!

LOOK HERE, BOYS!  
PENNIES FROM  
HEAVEN!



CHIN UP! IT  
MAKES A  
BETTER  
TARGET!

I HIT CLOOK VELLY  
GENTLY! NO VIOLENCE!  
NOT MUCH!





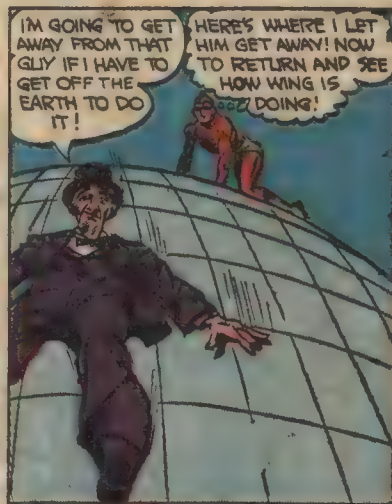
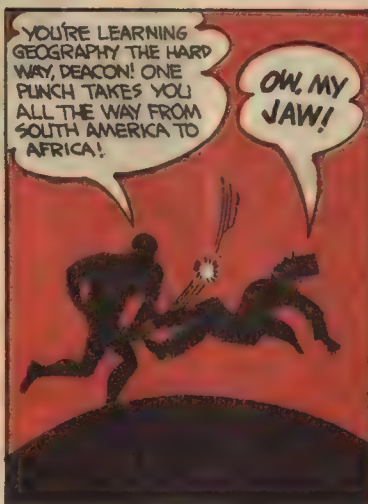
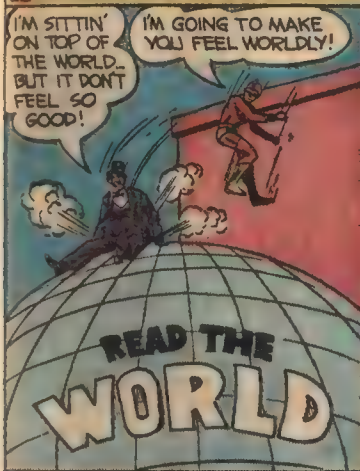
WHILE IN THE STREET BELOW...



ONCE MORE THE DEACON MAKES A DASH FOR SAFETY...



A DESPERATE LEAP BY THE DEACON...



THE AVENGER FINDS WING ENJOYING THE SCENERY!



WING FISHES THE UNLUCKY, WATER-SOAKED REPORTER OUT OF THE FOUNTAIN!





MEANWHILE, THE CRIMSON CRIME-CRUSHER, TAKING NUMEROUS SHORT-CUTS OVER THE ROOFTOPS, PURSUES HIS QUARRY TO HIS GOAL!



SO THAT'S THE RABBIT'S HIDING PLACE! I'LL LET WING KNOW WHERE I AM!

NEXT MOMENT, A LARGE BALLOON DRIFTS OVER THE CITY STREETS! ON IT, SCRAWLED IN SPECIAL PAINT, GLOWS AN URGENT MESSAGE, INVISIBLE TO ORDINARY EYES!



WING: COME TO HOUSE OF WILLIAM BETTS!

IT SHOULDN'T TAKE WING LONG TO GET HERE!

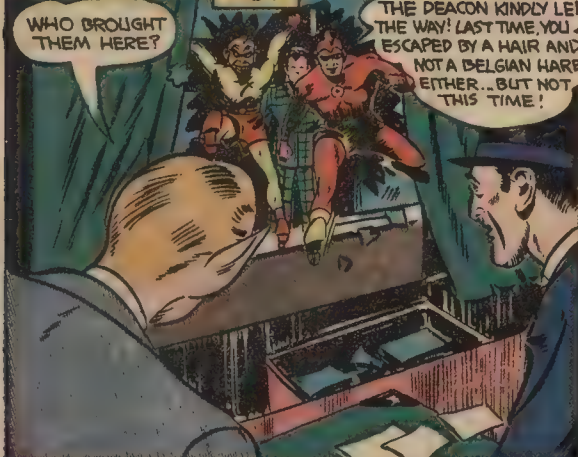
WEARING SPECIAL SPECTACLES, WING SCANS THE SKIES! SOON...



MESSAGE FROM MIST CLIMSON! HE SAY COME TO HOUSE OF WILLIAM BETTS!

I DON'T SEE ANY MESSAGE!

A FEW MOMENTS, AND THE CRIME-SMASHING TEAM IS REUNITED! THEN...



WHO BROUGHT THEM HERE?

THE DEACON KINDLY LED THE WAY! LAST TIME, YOU ESCAPED BY A HAIR AND NOT A BELGIAN HARE, EITHER... BUT NOT THIS TIME!



I ABHOR... AHHHHHHH...

I ABHOR VIOLENCE TOO, RABBIT... BUT YOU NAZIS STARTED IT, AND YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP GETTING IT FROM NOW ON!

SPLAT!

ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE, WILLIAM BETTS COMES RUNNING!



IT'S MR. WHITE, MY SECRETARY!

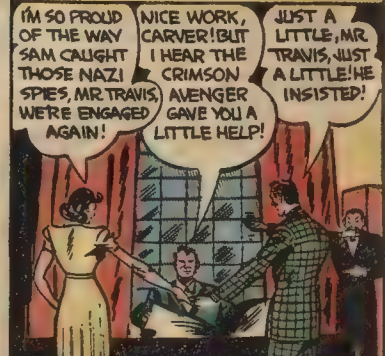
HE BECAME YOUR SECRETARY SO HE COULD STEAL THE SECRET OF YOUR NEW TANK FOR THE NAZIS! HE'S BEEN TRYING TO GET OTHER INFORMATION TO THEM, TOO!

HERE'S THE OTHER HALF OF THAT SAWDUST TO DOGFOOD FORMULA! AND NOW, I THINK THE F.B.I. HAD BETTER TAKE OVER!



I'VE GOT A REAL SCOOP, AT LAST!

LATER... IN THE OFFICE OF THE GLOBE-LEADER



I'M SO PROUD OF THE WAY SAM CAUGHT THOSE NAZI SPIES, MR. TRAVIS! WE'RE ENGAGED AGAIN!

NICE WORK, CARVER! BUT I HEAR THE CRIMSON AVENGER GAVE YOU A LITTLE HELP!

JUST A LITTLE, MR. TRAVIS, JUST A LITTLE! HE INSISTED!

THE CRIMSON AVENGER WAS GOOD LUCK FOR THE UNLUCKY REPORTER... BUT HE AND THE FAITHFUL WING ARE PLENTY BAD LUCK FOR CROOKS! KEEP TRACK OF THEIR CRIME-CROWDING ACTION IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF...  
**DETECTIVE COMICS!**



# A REAL PRIZE AMONG COMICS!

YESSIR . . . . HERE'S THAT  
SPEEDY-ACTION MAGAZINE  
THAT FEATURES AMERICA'S  
FIGHTING TWINS

**YANK AND DOODLE**  
IN THE FASTEST SORT  
OF BANG-UP ADVENTURE!  
**PLUS** A FLOCK OF  
OTHER TOP-NOTCH  
FEATURES!



**ON  
SALE  
EVERY  
MONTH  
AT  
STANDS  
EVERY-  
WHERE!  
DON'T  
MISS IT!**

## Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address  
Frontier Asthma Co. 344 Frontier Bldg.  
462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York

## What You Buy With WAR BONDS

The "Stovepipe," as the 60-millimeter trench mortar is commonly known, is used by our infantry for close-in fighting. It fires a 2.4-pound shell at the rate of about 35 a minute.



The mortar fires its projectile in a U-shaped arc and for this reason may be successfully camouflaged behind an obstruction. It costs about \$500. You and your neighbors, joining together, can buy many of these effective weapons for use of our army.

### LIONEL CHEM-LAB

Now, right at the moment when chemical research is of utmost importance to America, Lionel introduces a miniature chemical laboratory for boys and girls. Complete and professional in every way, Lionel Chem Lab will give you all the magic and dark secrets of this science. Read about Lionel Chem Labs in the new 1942 Lionel Catalog. See them at your nearest toy store.

# LIONEL TRAINS

Go to your nearest department store, hardware, electrical or toy dealer and ask for a copy of the new, big, 1942 Lionel Catalog. It pictures in full-color this year's great, new fleet of Lionel speed wizards. Big, powerful engines with remote control locomotive whistles. Snorting little switchers with electrically operated engine bells. If you can't wait—

if you want your catalog at once—then clip and mail coupon below, enclosing 10 cents to cover postage and handling.

LIONEL, Dept. 5, 15 East 26th St., New York  
Enclosed is 10c to cover postage and handling.  
Please send a copy of new 1942 Lionel Catalog

Name

Address

City

State







**A NEW LIFE BEGINS FOR BART REGAN... A LIFE OF DULL, DEADLY MONOTONY THAT SEARS THE SOUL!**

EYES STRAIGHT AHEAD!

STEP IT UP! QUIT LOAFING!

LIGHTS OUT!

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE!



**AND THEN ONE DAY... FLAMING REVOLT!**

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE! I WANT TO GO HOME!

HE'S STIR-CRAZY!



LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT!

CALM DOWN, BUDDY! THAT STUFF'LL NEVER GET YOU NO PLACE! YOU GOTTA USE YOUR HEAD!



SURE, YOU GOTTA WORK IT DIFFERENT WITH THESE GUARDS! SOFT SOAP 'EM AND THEY'LL BE NICE TO YOU!

GOOD MORNING, GUARD! HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S REST?

THAT'S THE STUFF! GIVE 'EM THE OLD OIL!



THANKS, SAM! YOU'RE A REAL FRIEND!

**THUS, A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP IS FORMED... BETWEEN A SECRET SERVICE AGENT AND A HARDENED CRIMINAL!**

YOU YELLOW RATS! SCARED, HUH? WELL, ANYBODY THAT TRIES TO BEAT REGAN HAS TO BEAT ME, TOO!





TO UNDERSTAND WHY THE FRIENDSHIP WAS FORMED, WE MUST GO BACK SEVERAL MONTHS . . . TO THE OFFICES OF THE SECRET SERVICE!

YES, REGAN. INFORMATION VITAL TO NATIONAL DEFENSE IS BEING SMUGGLED OUT OF THAT PRISON! HOW, I DON'T KNOW!

ONLY ONE THING TO DO, CHIEF! I'LL HAVE TO GET IN TO THAT PRISON!

IT'S A DANGEROUS GAME, REGAN!

DON'T WORRY, CHIEF! I'LL MANAGE IT SO THAT NOT EVEN THE WARDEN WILL SUSPECT WHO I AM! THEN I'LL MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE CONVICTS, AND LEARN THINGS!

YES, NO ONE SUSPECTS . . . EXCEPT ONE INSIGNIFICANT-LOOKING CONVICT . . . "THE PENMAN" . . . A FORGER!

REGAN'S FACE IS FAMILIAR, BUT I DON'T REMEMBER WHERE I'VE SEEN IT! I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE HIM!

THAT EVENING . . . RETURNING FROM MESS HALL . . .

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF STEPPING ON MY FOOT?

WHY- I DID NOTHING OF THE SORT!

LIKE FLAME STRIKING DRY TINDER, THE SINGLE SPARK OF HATE KINDLES A RAGING INFERNO!

HE'S A WISE GUY! KNOCK HIM DOWN! KICK HIM!

AH! WHAT SHORT SENTENCES! THE JUDGE GAVE YOU TOO SHORT A SENTENCE, LEFTY!

BUT NOW YOU'RE GOING UP FOR A LONG STRETCH!

SO YOU DON'T BAR ANY DIRTY TRICKS. HUH? WELL, I BAR YOU!

OH, BOY, I'M SLUGGIN' A THOUSAND IN THIS LEAGUE!





BREAK IT UP,  
YOU FELLOWS!

THEY'RE  
USIN' TEAR  
GAS!

IMAGINE ME  
BEIN' A CRY-  
BABY AT MY  
AGE!

IT'S REGAN!  
THEY GANGED  
UP ON HIM!

LATER ... IN HIS CELL  
ONCE MORE . . . . .

SOMEBODY'S BEEN  
HERE! SO THAT'S WHY  
THEY PICKED ON ME!  
THEY SEARCHED MY  
CELL WHILE I WAS  
FIGHTING!



SOMEBODY SUS-  
PECTS I'M HERE TO  
SPY ON SPIES! I'D  
BETTER WIND UP  
THIS CASE FAST!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON . . . .

HOW DID YOU  
GET TO BE KNOWN  
AS "SLUGGER",  
SAM?

I'M ALWAYS  
KNOCKIN'  
HOMERS OVER  
THE PRISON  
WALL!! LEFTY  
PITCHES 'EM TO ME  
RIGHT IN THE  
GROOVE!



THAT'S STRANGE!  
AN UMPIRE AND A  
PITCHER HAVING A  
CONFERENCE! THEY  
OUGHT TO BE ARGUING  
WITH EACH OTHER!



SLUGGER SAM COMES  
TO BAT! THE PITCHER  
WINDS UP, AND . . . .

NO YOU DON'T! THAT  
BALL IS DIRTY, HARD TO  
SEE! HERE'S A NEW  
BALL!



THE PENMAN IS MY  
FRIEND! HERE'S WHERE  
I SMACK A HIT!







ANOTHER  
TRIP AROUND  
THE BASES!  
CAN I HIT  
'EM!

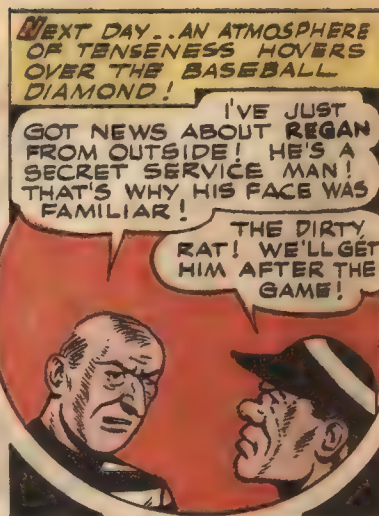
SAM IS HIT-  
TING TOO  
MANY HOMERS.  
I'M BEGINNING  
TO UNDER-  
STAND HOW THE  
SPIES WORK! I'LL  
HAVE TO WARN  
THE WARDEN!



WHAT DO HOME RUNS HAVE  
TO DO WITH SPIES? CAN  
YOU GUESS?

NICE  
WORK, SLUGGER!

TOMORROW  
I'M GOING TO  
KNOCK A HOMER  
MYSELF!



NEXT DAY...AN ATMOSPHERE  
OF TENSENESS HOVERS  
OVER THE BASEBALL  
DIAMOND!

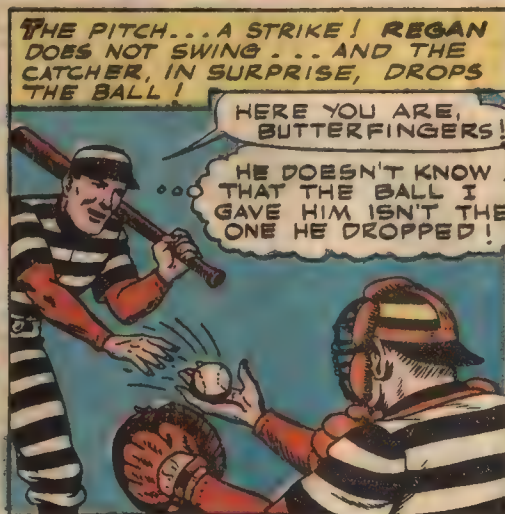
I'VE JUST  
GOT NEWS ABOUT REGAN  
FROM OUTSIDE! HE'S A  
SECRET SERVICE MAN!  
THAT'S WHY HIS FACE WAS  
FAMILIAR!

THE DIRTY  
RAT! WE'LL GET  
HIM AFTER THE  
GAME!



THE GAME BEGINS -  
SCORELESS INNINGS  
PASS - AND THEN BART  
REGAN COMES TO BAT.

THIS IS GOIN' TO BE  
A HOT ONE! I'LL LET  
THE SECRET SERVICE  
MAN HIT A HOMER...  
AND DO OUR DIRTY  
WORK!



THE PITCH...A STRIKE! REGAN  
DOES NOT SWING...AND THE  
CATCHER, IN SURPRISE, DROPS  
THE BALL!

HERE YOU ARE,  
BUTTERFINGERS!

HE DOESN'T KNOW  
THAT THE BALL I  
GAVE HIM ISN'T THE  
ONE HE DROPPED!



MAYBE HE'LL  
HIT THIS ONE!



HE DID! WE'RE  
SURE PLAYIN' HIM  
FOR A SAP!

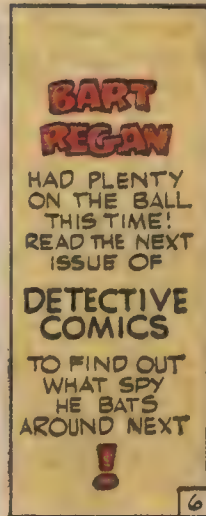
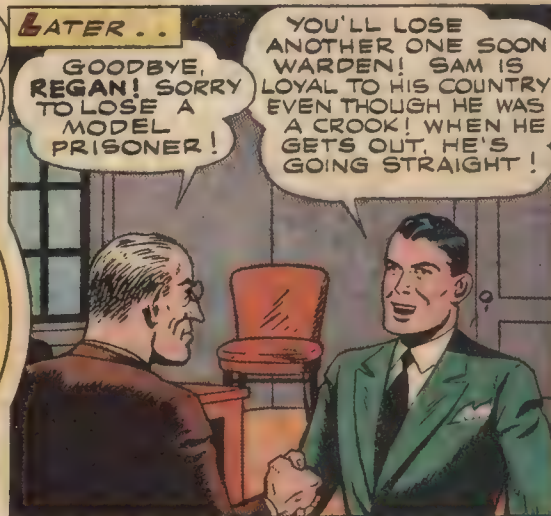
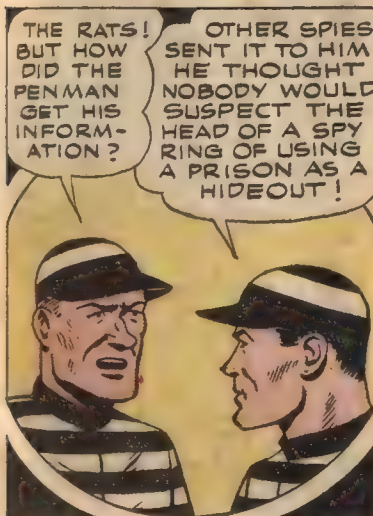
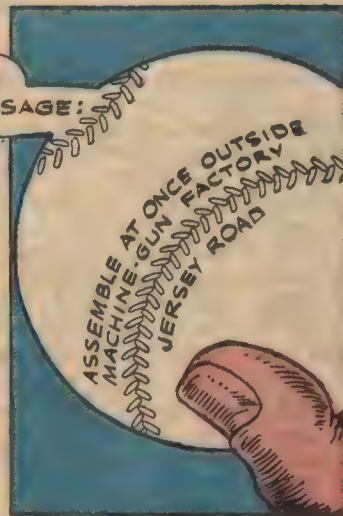
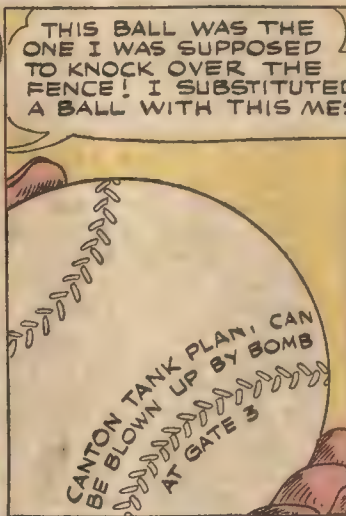
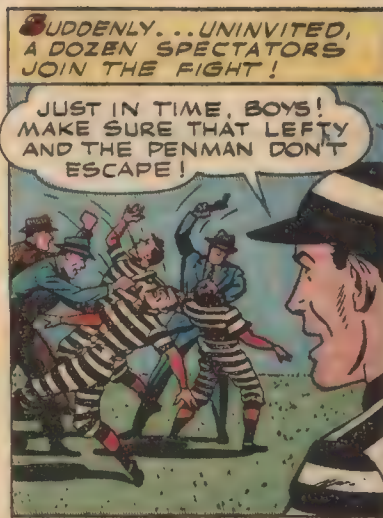
THERE GOES THAT  
HOME RUN! SLUGGER  
SAM ISN'T THE ONLY  
ONE WHO CAN HIT  
THEM!



THE GAME ENDS...AND FROM  
THE CROWD OF PLAYERS RISES  
A CHILLING CRY!

GET REGAN!  
HE'S A STOOL-  
PIGEON!







# MURDER ON THE CAMPUS

by Jack Watson

WHEN he heard one of the boys giggle, Slater said sharply: "Murder isn't funny." Then he moved swiftly across the room, seeing the boy's knees buckle. A loud gasp came from Dean Drake.

Slater caught the boy as he sagged. He knew then that the lad, Oxford, hadn't been trying to be funny. It was almost hysteria that had caused him to giggle.

Oxford was coming to. With scared eyes he looked at the detective. "I'm sorry, Mr. Slater, I didn't mean—"

Slater's voice was kindly. "That's all right, son. I should have realized." He nodded toward the small, stocky student named Paulus. "You'd better help him back to the dormitory. See that he lies down."

Dean Drake "hmm'd", clearing his throat. This was most distressing, a detective in Wharton University, and a dead man in the morgue. A very important man, Dean Drake realized now, very important.

Slater looked at him. "You've no idea where this other lad, Carson, can be?" He sighed as Dean Drake shook his head. "It's impossible, Dean, that a student can vanish in thin air. I can't figure it out."

The cleaning man had found Professor Glenn's body. The scientist, in the habit of working all hours, had been killed by a blunt instrument sometime after eleven o'clock in the evening. He had been dead seven hours, the medical examiner attested. There was no doubt but that the murderer had made away with important papers on which Glenn had been working. The scientist's notes on a new experiment were missing.

And now, an hour earlier, Slater had discovered the nature of the experiment. A new

explosive powerful enough to wipe out all opposition.

Spy work? Slater found it hard to believe. But he knew that the FBI, always willing to follow down the least suspicion, would take over the case any minute now. They had been keeping an eye on Professor Glenn.

"Mr. Slater." Dean Drake's voice was pitious. All his life he had been immersed in letters, sheltered behind the ancient, ivy covered walls of Wharton U. And now this. He was bewildered.

"What are we going to do, Mr. Slater?"

"I don't know. So far, at least, we've been able to keep the newspapers out of here. Maybe we can do it twenty-four hours more. I don't know." He shrugged. "Better get me that Carson kid's home town address. I'll have the local authorities check there."

"Yes, yes," said Dean Drake eagerly, as though anxious to get out of the laboratory. "It's in my office." He hustled out.

Slater, alone, looked around the laboratory. This was really a tough nut to crack. Alibi tight. Those kids, so far. Oxford and Paulus. They had been in the lab, along with Carson, until nine o'clock. Then they had gone to their dormitories.

Oxford always slept with his door open. Other students remembered seeing him in bed at eleven and at twelve. And that seemed to rule him out. Besides, he looked too scary for murder.

So, for that matter, did Paulus. Oxford had supplied his alibi. "He was talking, at least until eleven, with Carson," Oxford had said. "The walls connecting the room are so thin I heard them plainly. They were discussing music, of which both of them are fond, since

they play in the school band."

Paulus' alibi had checked.

But where was Carson? No one had seen him all day. Somebody said he might have gone out on a biology field trip. He was behind in that study. Because of this, Slater hadn't sent out a general alarm.

And that never helped. Slater, frowning, took a photo from his pocket, studied the shot the police photographer had taken of the dead man. A blunt instrument all right, struck at the base of the skull.

He put back the photo. His lips were grim. "Carson," he muttered, "maybe you had nothing to do with this, but I'm going to find out." He headed for the janitor's quarters.

A stranger opened to his knock. The man's face was grimy, streaked with oil and grease.

"This is the regular man's day off. He'll be back tomorrow," the stranger said.

Slater went out in the direction of the dormitories. Oxford was in Paulus' room, listening to records on the latter's record player. Paulus got up as Slater came in. "He's feeling much better, Mr. Slater." His face was concerned. "Did you find anything?"

"Nothing." Slater sank down on the bed, stretched his hands wearily behind him. "I'd sure like to find Carson, though."

Paulus' face was shocked. "Why, surely, Mr. Slater, you don't suspect him? I'm telling you he went to bed about twelve, when we finished playing a Beethoven recording I bought."

"That's right," Oxford said, weakly. "I was just dozing off when I heard him say good-night." He smiled wanly. "Carson's big and noisy, but harmless. You can hear him all over the dorm."



Paulus was picking up a music instrument case. "If you don't mind, Mr. Slater," he said. "I've got to go now. We've a rehearsal."

"Okay," Slater said, his eye on the chair Paulus had vacated. "But stick around the school." He heaved himself to his feet as the boy went out. A surprised exclamation burst from his lips as the bed suddenly skidded.

"Look out," Oxford cried. "I should have warned you about that."

"It's too late," Slater said ruefully, disentangling himself from the wastebasket into which he had skidded across the bare floor. Papers were strewn everywhere. "This fellow should buy some rugs."

He pushed the papers back into the basket. Then, suddenly, he stopped, examined a narrow strip of paper, like ticker tape. "What's this?" There were only two words, in capital letters, printed on it. "COME HOME".

"What is it?" Oxford was looking at him anxiously across the room. "Did you find something?"

The knock interrupted him. It was the Dean, waving a slip of paper.

"Here it is, Mr. Slater. Carson's address. His home is about five hundred miles from here, in Talton. Oh, what is this?" His eyes found the litter around the wastebasket. "I'll send for the janitor, Mr. Slater." His lips thinned. "And I'll also have a few words to say to Mr. Paulus. This room is a disgrace." He spoke to Oxford. "Call Manning and tell him to come up here."

"Manning's not on," Slater said. "This is his day off."

The Dean stared at him. "Manning is off on Sundays," he said, firmly. "The same as the rest of us."

A gasp came from Oxford. "That's right," he said, "I was wondering about that when a strange janitor came to the door just before you arrived, Mr. Slater. I was talking to Paulus,

trying to persuade him to play his own recording of a wonderful clarinet solo. The janitor apologized for knocking at the wrong door."

"Wait a minute. Did you say a recording?" Slater's fingers toyed with the strip of paper he had found. He pointed to the machine. "Does that thing make records, too?"

"Certainly," Oxford said. "Paulus has a fine collection of his own stuff. He really—" He stopped, stared in amazement. Slater was running out of the room!

"Mr. Slater—" Dean Drake protested. "You forgot—"

He was breathing heavily when he rapped smartly on the janitor's door. For a long moment, there was no answer.

Slater tried the door. Locked. He rapped again.

This time, he heard shuffling footsteps.

The janitor's face appeared in the crack of the door. "Yes?"

Slater's burly form pushed open the door. "I want to talk to you," he said, shoving the man aside. "Put on a light."

Only a shaft of light from the campus illuminating system showed through the window. But it was enough for Slater to see the shadow move across it. Instinctively, he darted, threw up his arm.

Pain knifed through it as a heavy instrument descended on it, but, with his left hand, he managed to get out his gun. He fired at the janitor, who was fumbling in his pocket.

The man sank against the wall. Another figure moved toward the door, lashed out as Slater's body hurtled through the gloom. Something swished over Slater's head. But the head, buried in the mysterious figure's mid-riff, was unharmed.

Slater snapped on the light. The janitor was dead.

"Get up, Paulus," Slater said to the whimpering figure beside the door. "And I'll take this." He hefted the clarinet. "So you loaded it with lead," he said, "to kill Professor Glenn."

Paulus' frantic eyes looked at him, and he struggled for breath. Snarling, Slater hauled him to his feet. "Where's that notebook?"

All the fight was gone from Paulus now. He pointed to the dead man. "He has them. He's my uncle."

Slater retrieved the papers. He kept his gun on Paulus, "Talk, son." His eyes were mere slits now. "And you can skip the details of the recording machine." He held the narrow strip of paper in his hand. "I know you faked a message for Carson to go home. You planted it in his room last night after returning from the laboratory. You knew he'd rush right home, and you probably were with him all the time to urge him on. Then, when he left, you put on a recording you had made of a conversation at some earlier time with Carson. He never knew you made it. This gave you a swell alibi, because you knew your talking might keep Oxford awake. Then you went back to the laboratory and killed Glenn with this." He held out the clarinet.

Paulus shrank away. His eyes rolled and he babbled, almost incoherently. Like his uncle, he, too, was a Nazi and a spy. He had met the uncle the year before, on a vacation in Germany, arranged for him to come over if Glenn should complete his experiments. Because strangers weren't admitted to the college, the uncle had waylaid the real janitor, established the contact.

Impassively, Slater listened to the confession. Then he hauled the frightened Paulus to his feet, snapped on the cuffs. Oddly, he found himself laughing. But it was only with happiness, because he had muffed a couple of obvious clues, but managed to make good on them. He was still grinning as he pushed Paulus into a squad car.

"Just wait'll the Dean reads the papers," he chuckled. "It'll make scholastic history."





by  
Harris

ROMANCE FACES A ONE WAY RIDE TO THE SCRAP HEAP WHEN A SHREWD CRIMINAL CORNERS METAL NEEDED DESPERATELY FOR AMERICAN MUNITIONS...BUT AIR WAVE ACTS WITH THE DAZZLING SPEED OF A LIGHTNING-FLASH TO SAVE A FRIEND'S HAPPINESS AND PUT A TRAITOR IN HIS PLACE, CALLING UPON THE MYSTERIOUS RADIO FORCES OF THE ATMOSPHERE TO REVEAL STARTLING SECRETS IN...  
"THE VOICE FROM NOWHERE."



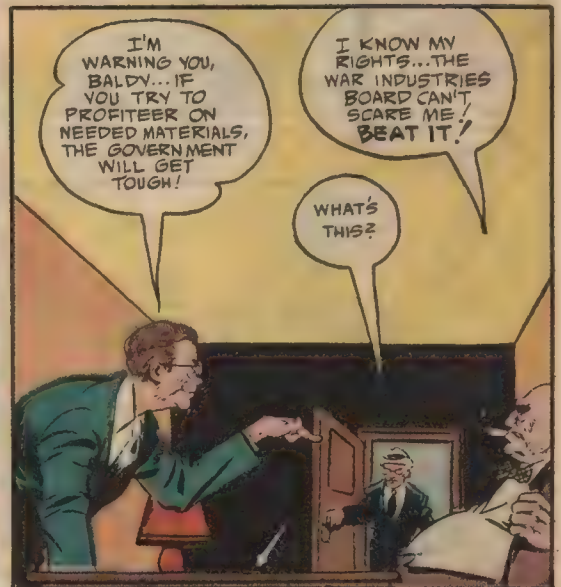
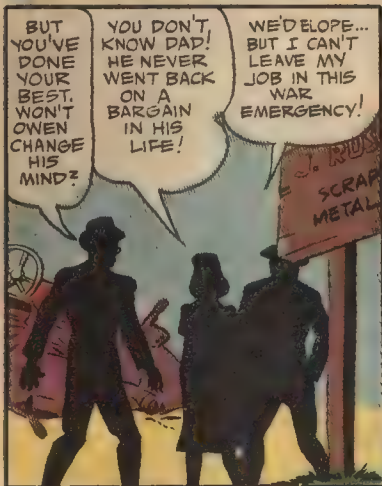
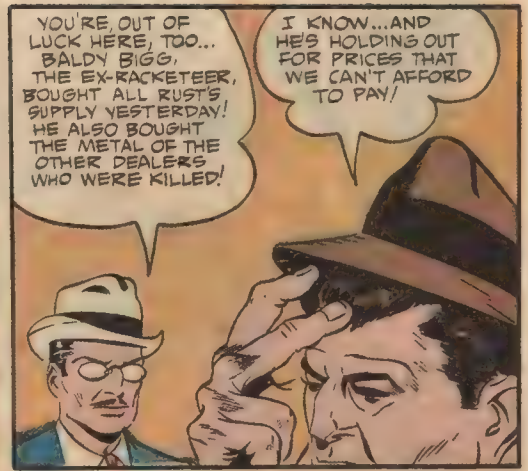
NEXT MORNING, DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN MEETS TWO FRIENDS AT THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY...

WELL, GEORGE PAINES AND VIRGINIA OWEN, YOU LOOK WORRIED... DID YOU KNOW THE DEAD MAN?

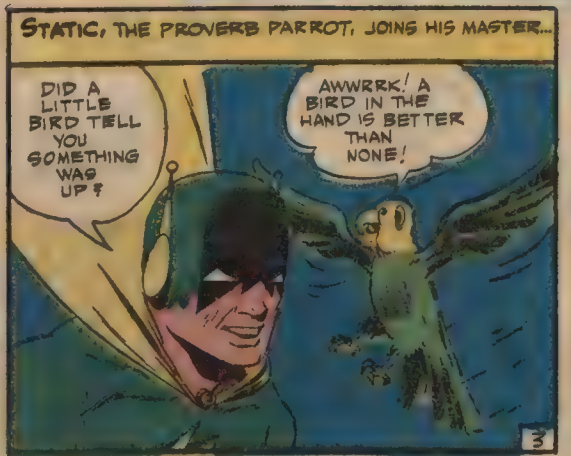
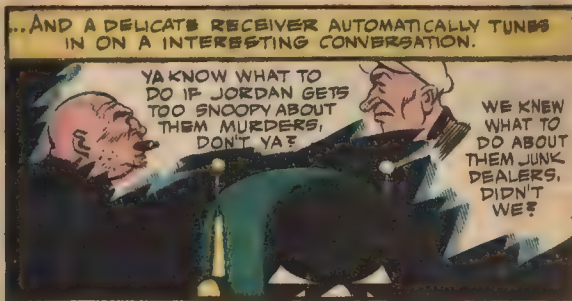
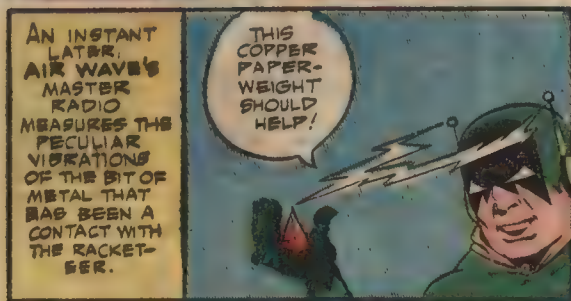
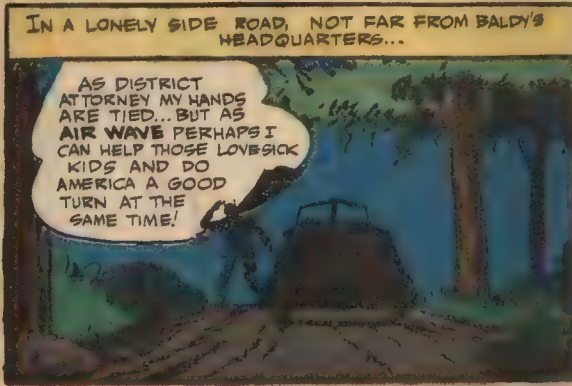
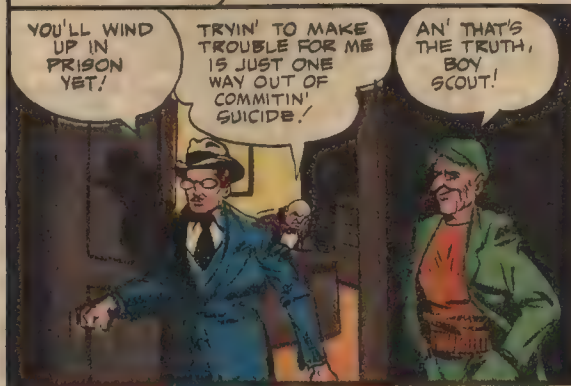
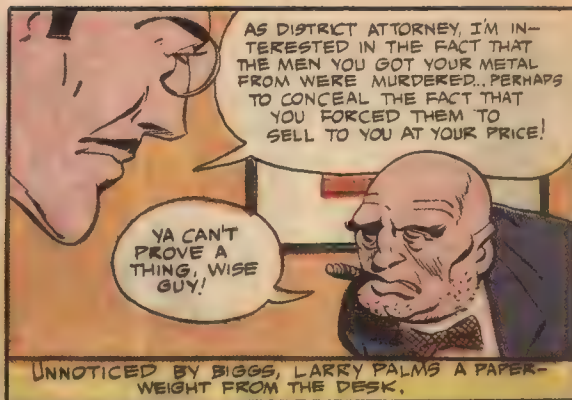
HELLO, LARRY! NO, WE DIDN'T KNOW HIM... BUT HE WAS OUR LAST HOPE!



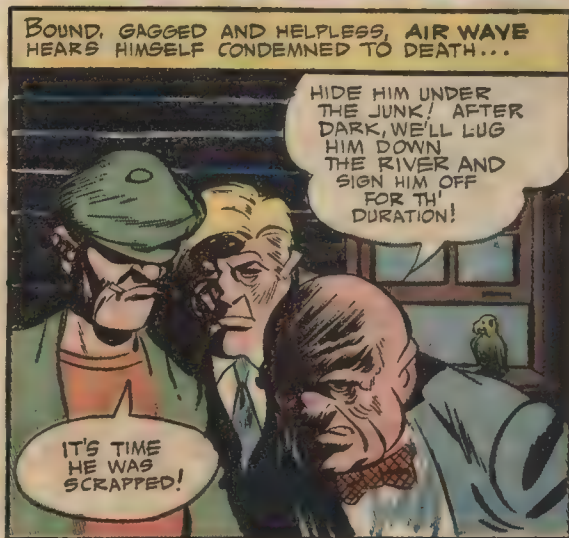
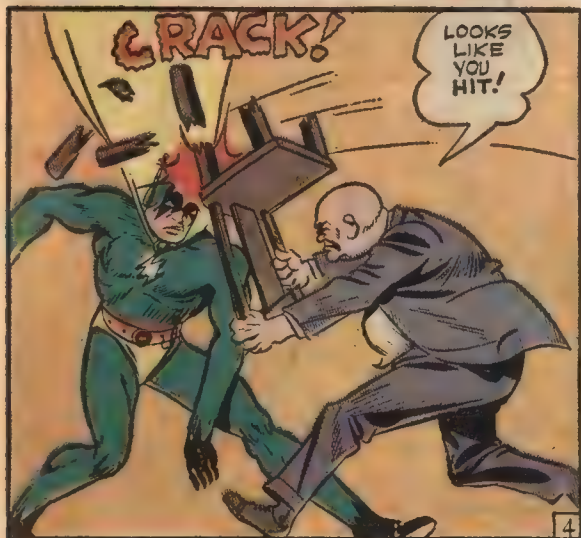
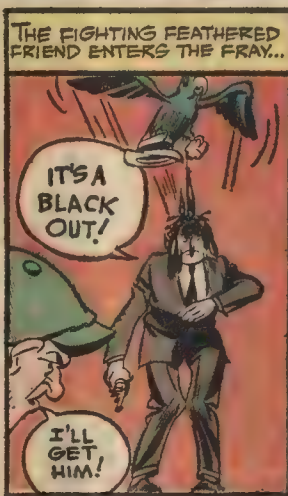
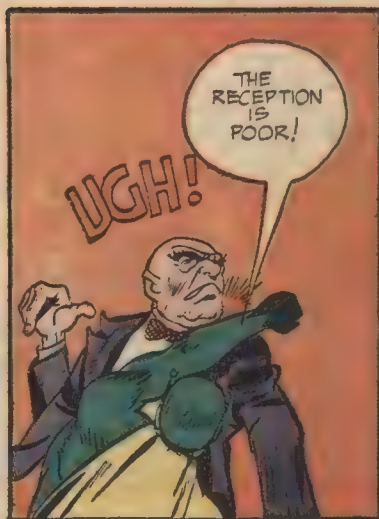




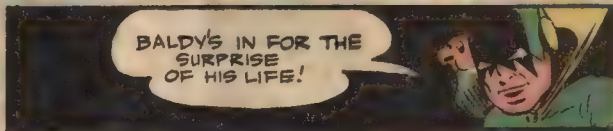
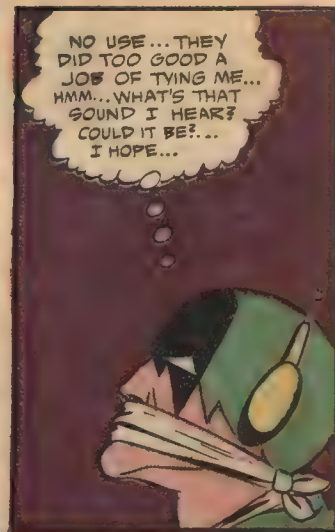
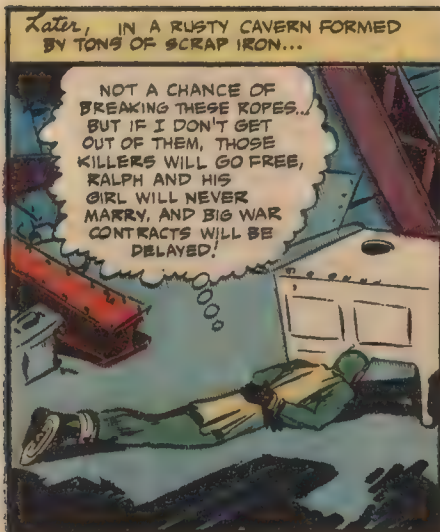










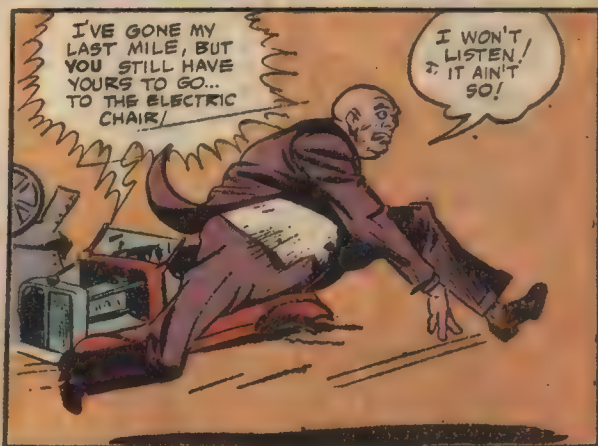
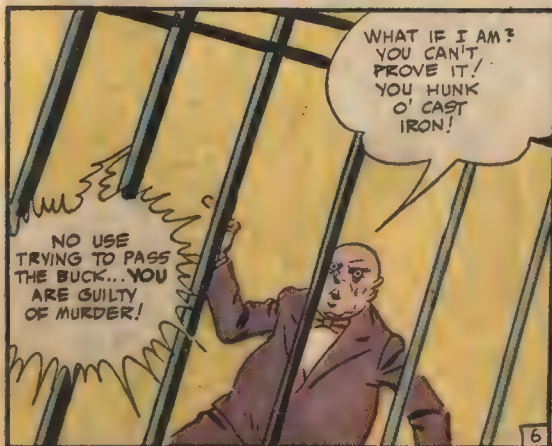
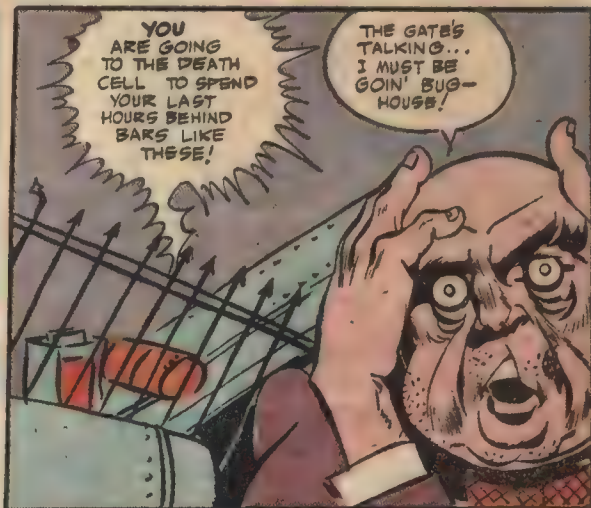
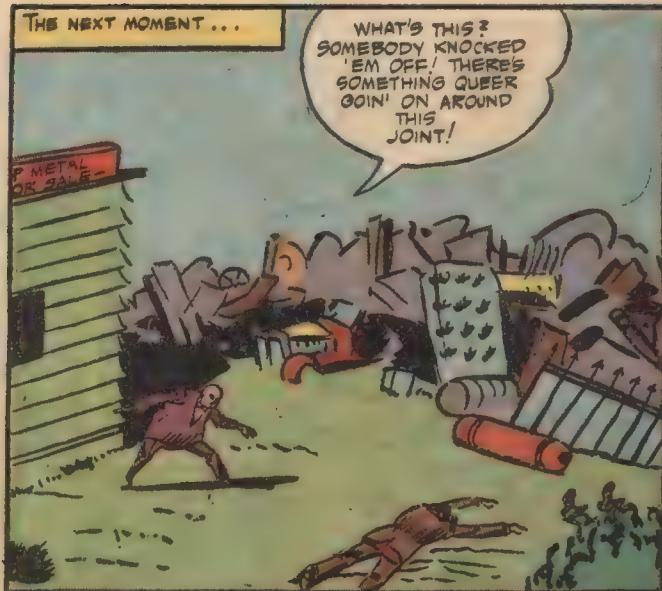




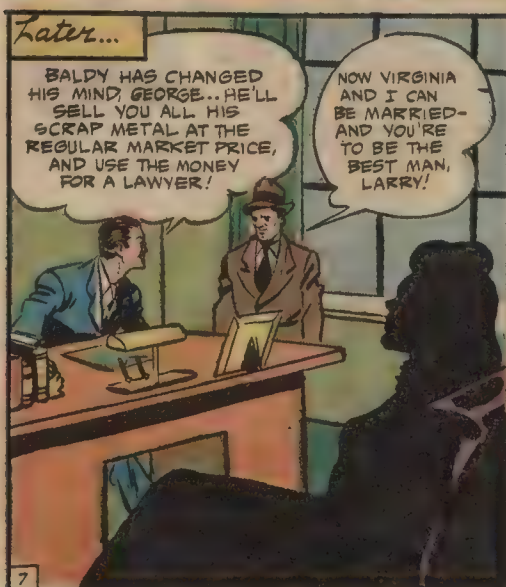
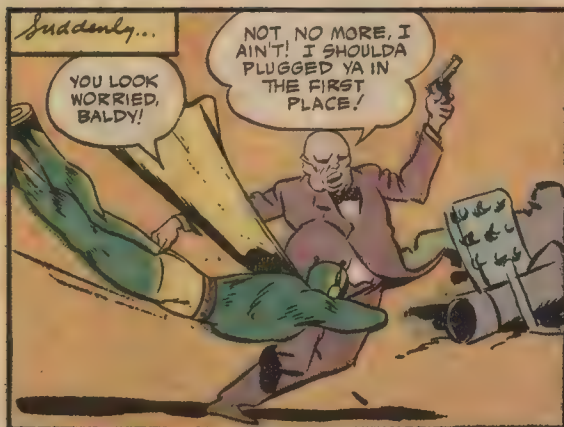
STRIKING IN BLIND FRENZY, THE FURIOUS KILLERS  
ELIMINATE ONE ANOTHER FROM THE SCENE...



THE NEXT MOMENT...











## HOW CAN THEY DO IT??

I ASK YOU, CORPORAL---  
HOW CAN THEY GET SO  
MANY TOP FEATURES IN  
ONE COMIC MAGAZINE??

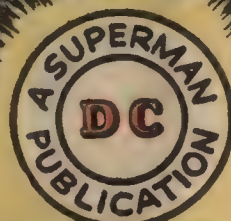
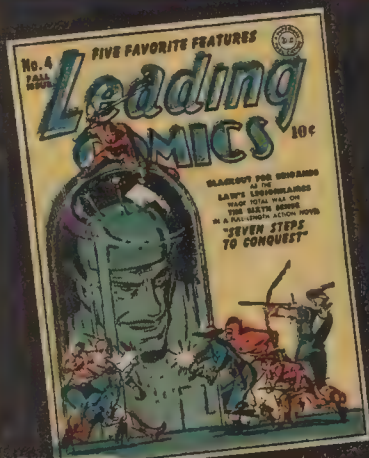
IT'S AMAZING, GENERAL!  
SUPERMAN AND BATMAN---  
PLUS THAT NEW SENSATION,  
BOY COMMANDOS! ALSO  
GREEN ARROW  
AND STILL MORE!  
IT'S THE WORLD'S  
FINEST BUY!



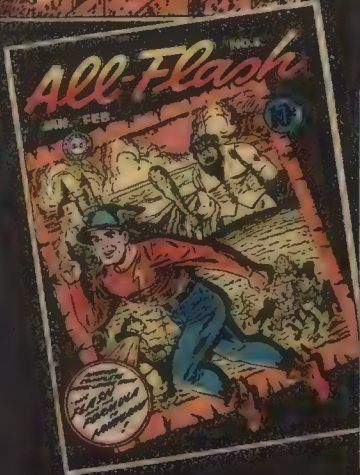


# DON'T MISS YOUR FAVORITES!

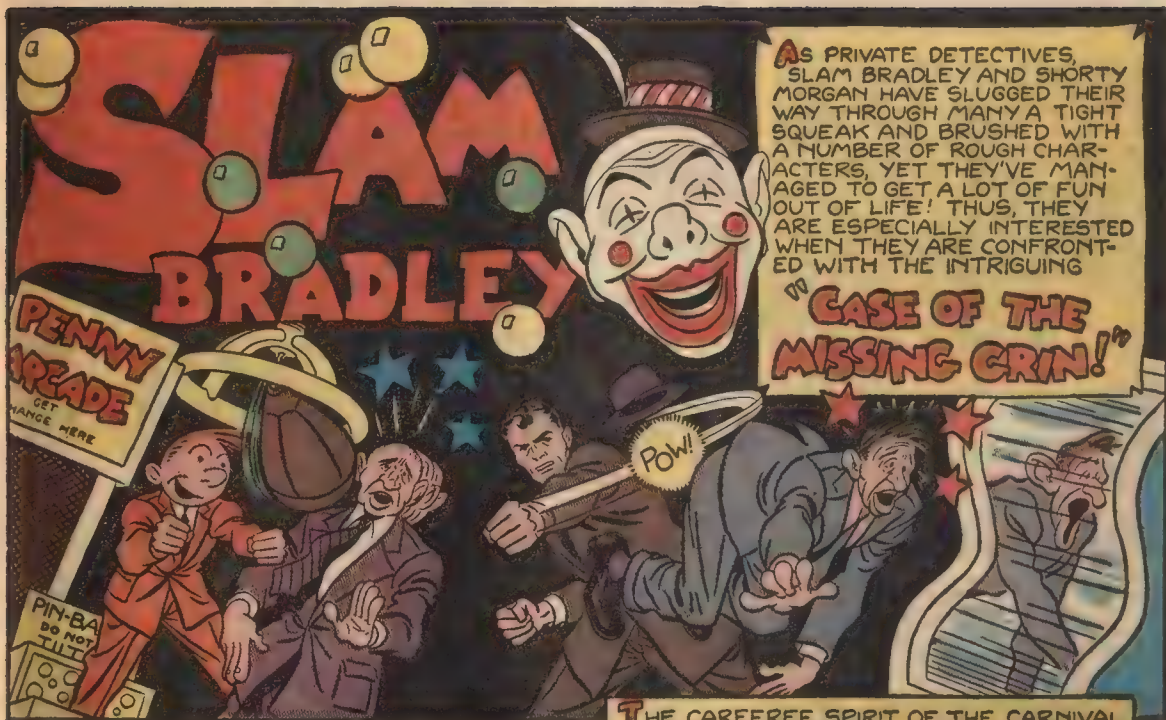
# NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!



LOOK FOR THIS  
TRADEMARK  
FOR  
THE BEST IN  
COMIC MAGAZINES!



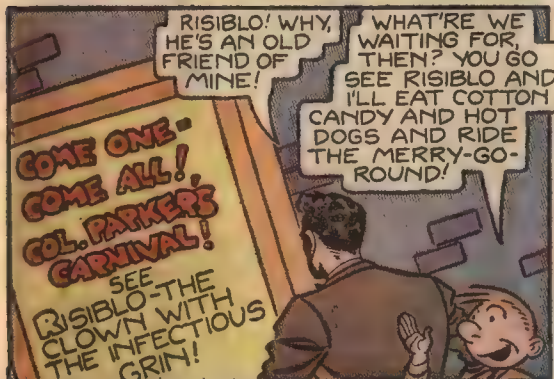




AS PRIVATE DETECTIVES, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN HAVE SLUGGED THEIR WAY THROUGH MANY A TIGHT SQUEAK AND BRUSHED WITH A NUMBER OF ROUGH CHARACTERS, YET THEY'VE MANAGED TO GET A LOT OF FUN OUT OF LIFE! THUS, THEY ARE ESPECIALLY INTERESTED WHEN THEY ARE CONFRONTED WITH THE INTRIGUING

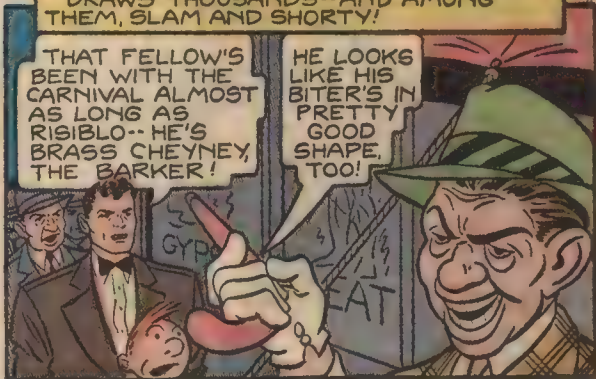
## "CASE OF THE MISSING GRIN!"

THE CAREFREE SPIRIT OF THE CARNIVAL DRAWS THOUSANDS--AND AMONG THEM, SLAM AND SHORTY!



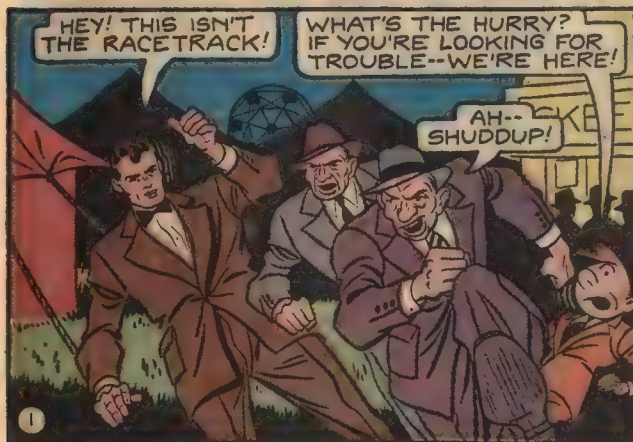
RISIBLO! WHY, HE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE!

WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR, THEN? YOU GO SEE RISIBLO AND I'LL EAT COTTON CANDY AND HOT DOGS AND RIDE THE MERRY-GO-ROUND!



THAT FELLOW'S BEEN WITH THE CARNIVAL ALMOST AS LONG AS RISIBLO-- HE'S BRASS CHEYNEY, THE BARKER!

HE LOOKS LIKE HIS BITER'S IN PRETTY GOOD SHAPE, TOO!



HEY! THIS ISN'T THE RACETRACK!

WHAT'S THE HURRY? IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE--WE'RE HERE!

AH--SHUDDUP!



I DON'T BELIEVE THOSE FELLOWS EVER LEARNED ETIQUETTE!

NO--LET'S GO BEAT SOME INTO THEIR HEADS!



SLOW AS SNAILS TO RUN AWAY FROM A FIGHT SLAM AND SHORTY ARE FLEET AS DEER WHEN IT COMES TO CHASING ONE!



WHILE YOU'RE RIDING AROUND, TRY TO GET THE BRASS RING!



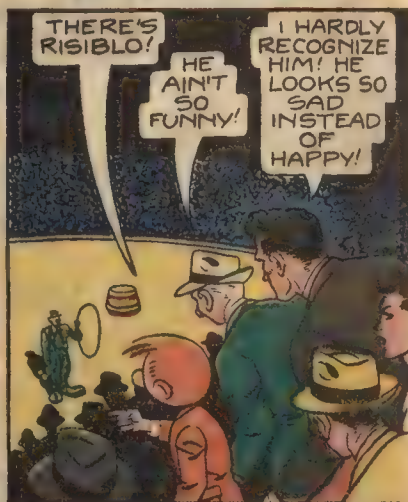
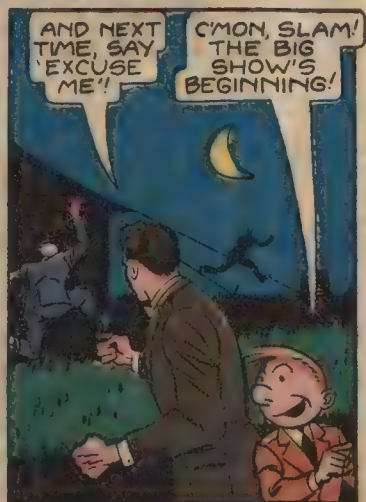
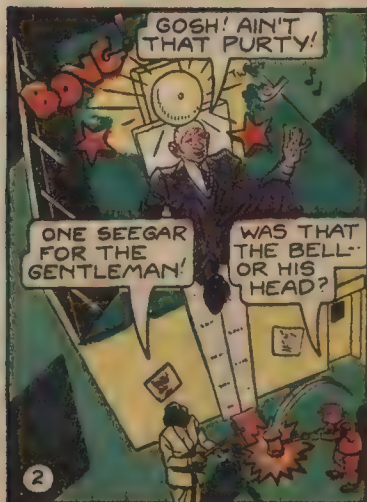
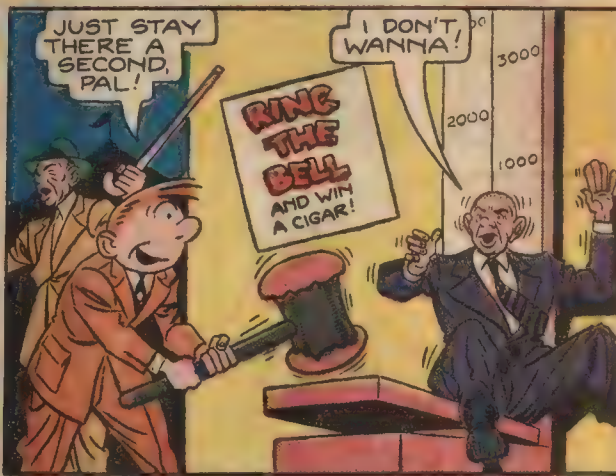
MY, MY! THE MINUTE I TURN MY BACK, HE GETS INTO TROUBLE!



THIS BEATS GRABBING THE BRASS RING ANY TIME!

**BLUX!**  
NO FAIR RIDIN' HORSES!

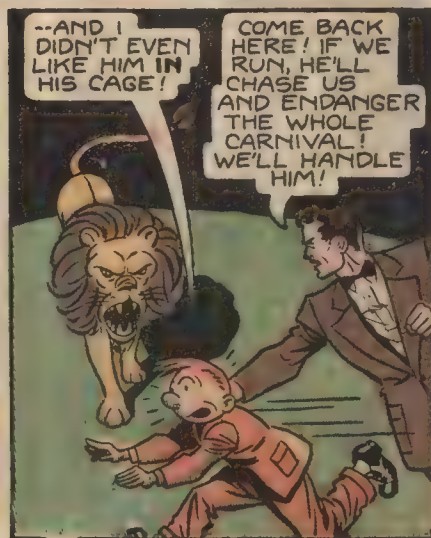
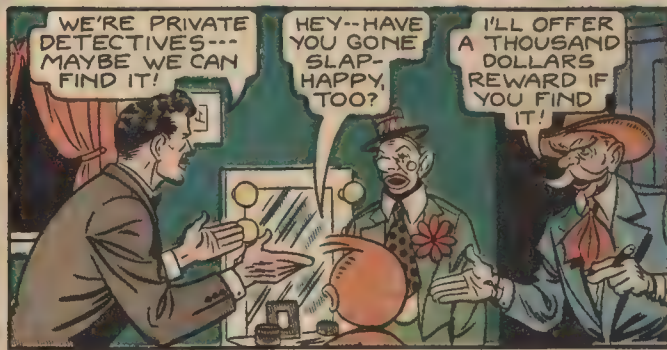
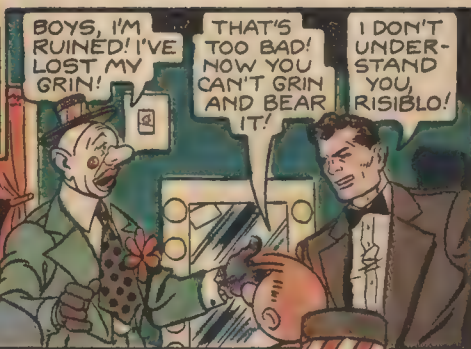
THANKS, SHORTY-- THERE WAS A LOT AT STAKE THAT TIME!



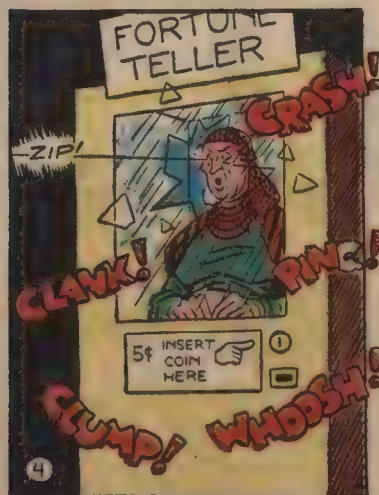
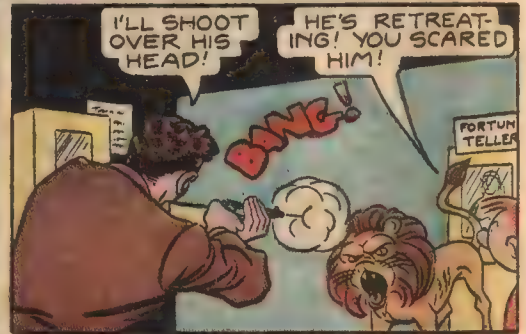
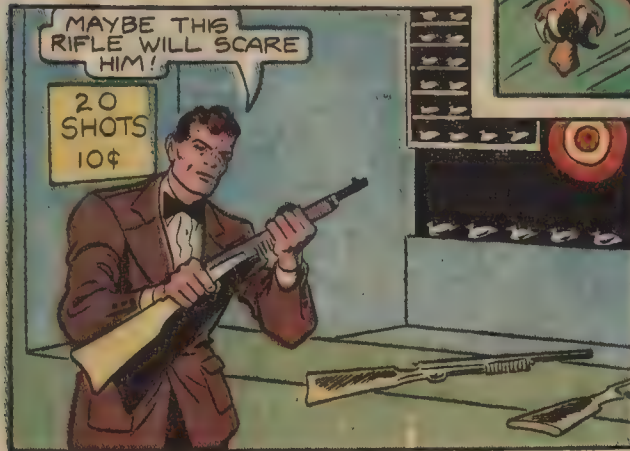
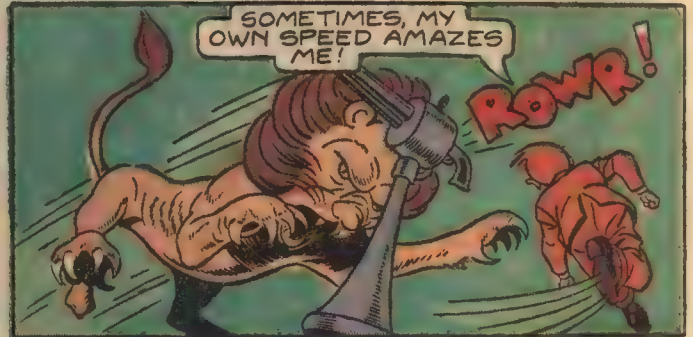
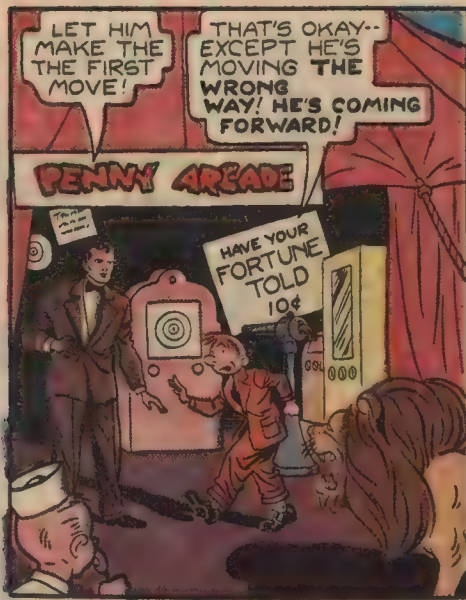




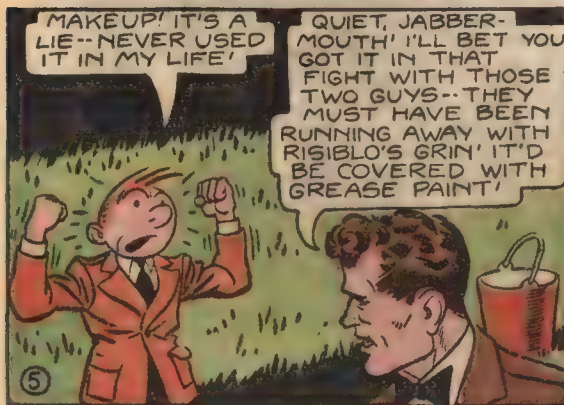
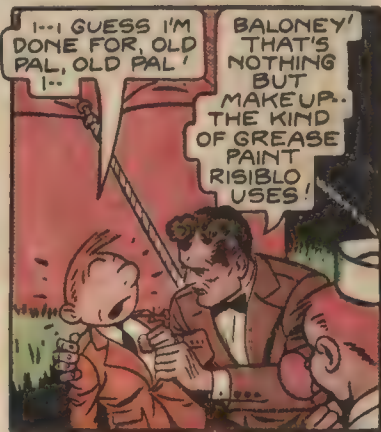
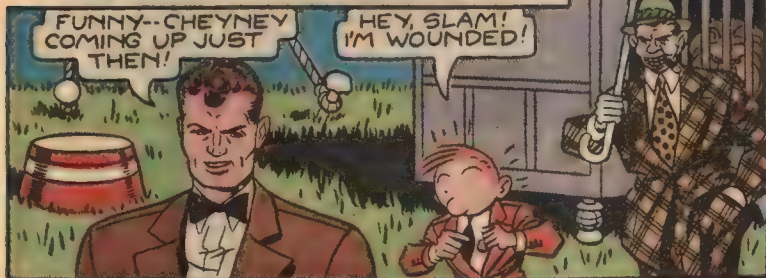
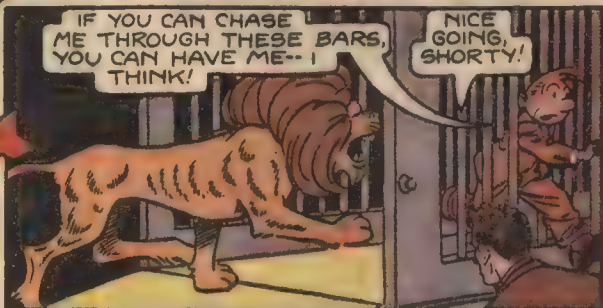
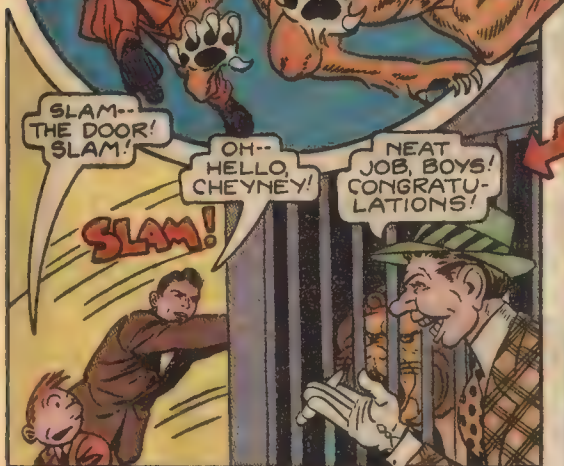
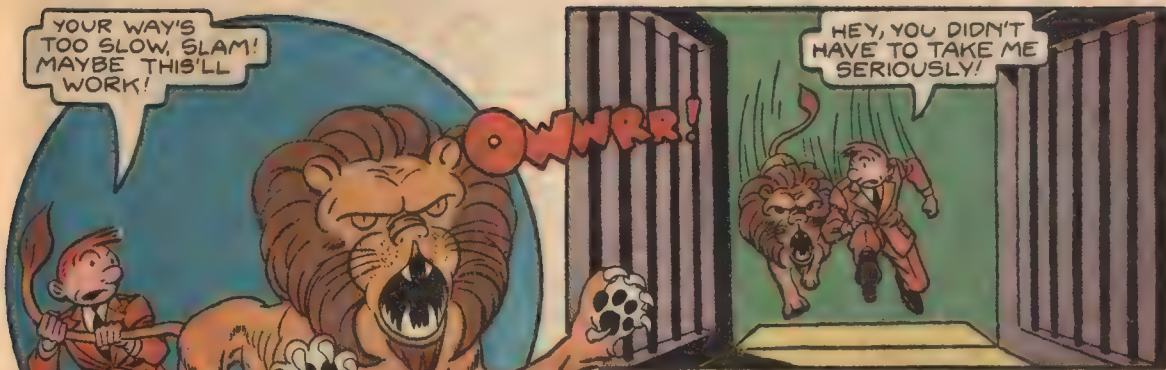
AFTER THE SHOW, SLAM AND SHORTY VISIT RISIBLO IN HIS DRESSING ROOM!



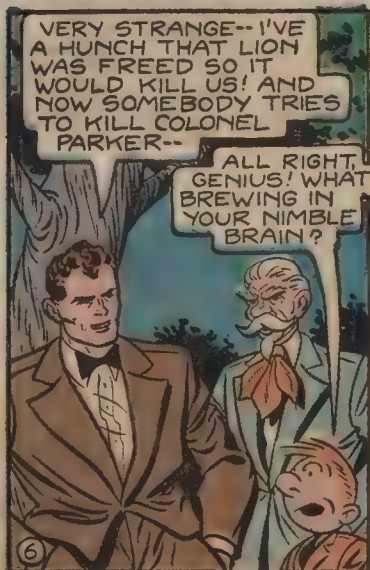
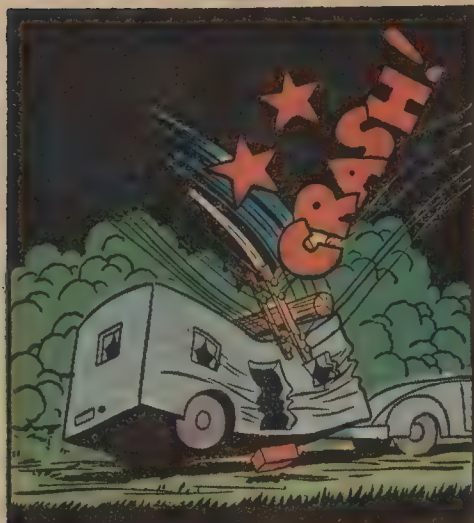
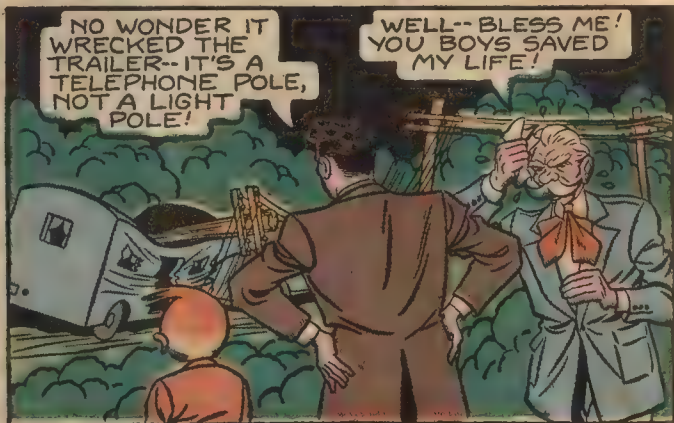
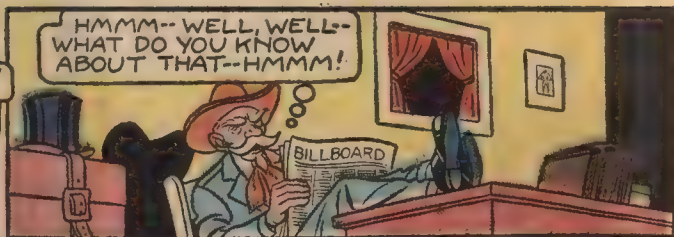




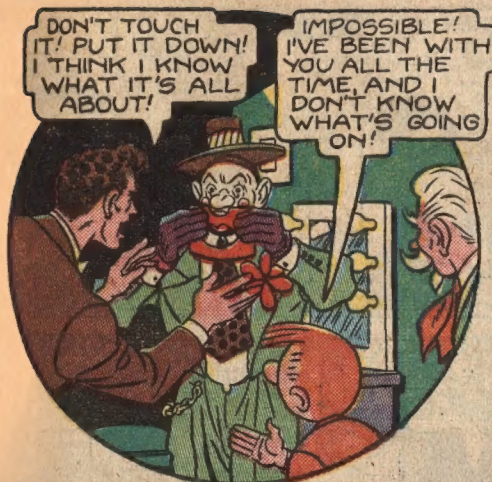












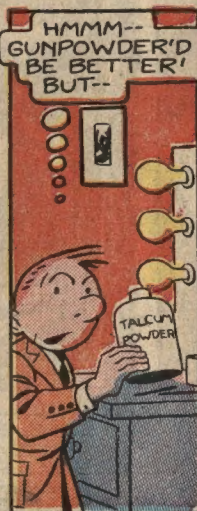
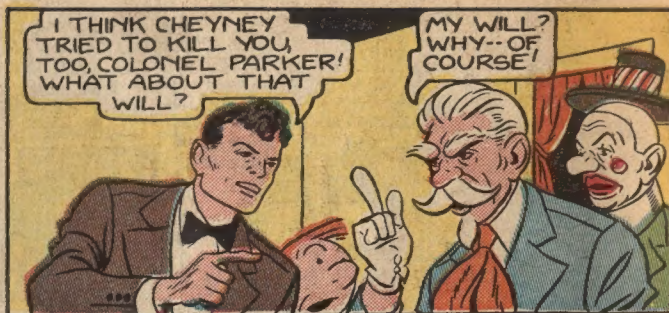
SKEPTICAL BUT FAITHFUL, SHORTY FOLLOWS SLAM ONCE MORE!

I REALIZE I'M ONLY YOUR PARTNER-- BUT DO YOU MIND IF I ASK WHOSE DRESSING ROOM THIS IS?

BRASS CHEYNEY'S, PAL!







AND SO THE KING OF CLOWNS CAN GRIN AGAIN! BUT DO SLAM AND SHORTY TAKE A WELL-EARNED REST? NO! THEY'LL BE BACK IN A DELIRIOUS DILEMMA IN NEXT MONTH'S

**DETECTIVE COMICS!**



# THE BOY COMMANDOS ARE HERE!



THE MOST  
SENSATIONAL  
NEW HEROES  
IN COMICS  
BLAST THROUGH  
IN AN  
ACTION-PACKED  
MAGAZINE  
OF THEIR OWN!

## FIRST BIG ISSUE!

**4** COMPLETE PICTURE STORIES  
STARRING THE BOY COMMANDOS  
WITH BATTLING CAPT. RIP CARTER!

1. "THE TOWN THAT COULDN'T BE CONQUERED"
2. "SATAN WEARS A SWASTIKA"
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